

Touch and Kiss

by luukagu

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Shoyo H., Tobio K.

Pairings: Tobio K./Shoyo H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-20 22:57:48

Updated: 2015-02-05 01:32:51

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:14:57

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 20,737

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: During volleyball practice one evening, Kageyama and Hinata 'accidentally' share a kiss. Day by day, their relationship begins to grow... well, sort of: Hinata isn't the easiest person to date. (MxM explicit slash) [SMUT/YAOI] [KageHina]

1. Touch and Kiss!

****Luuka:**** written for ZZ960107 and I hope she likes it! ^ ^ I threw this together pretty quickly so I hope it reads oookay.

* * *

><p>Sometimes, the Karasuno High volleyball team had productive training sessions.<p>

Other times, not so much.

For Tobio Kageyama, this particular evening did not fall into the category of a 'productive session,' and neither did it fall into the category of a 'not so productive session,' but rather, much more into the category of: 'abysmal failures and crushing backslides.' It wasn't going well.

Although volleyball training for the club had finished, Kageyama and Hinata had insisted on practicing afterwards to improve their synchronisation whilst the rest of the team watched from the sidelines. Ennoshita would throw the ball to Kageyma and Kageyama would toss, then Hianta would spike... well, he was supposed to spike, anyway-in Kageyama's ideal world.

'What the hell was that?' Kageyama demanded, as the ball shot past Hinata's hand, rolling across the floor of the court. Hinata blushed.

'I-I missed it...'

'I see that-get your head out of the clouds! You just stood there daydreaming as I tossed the ball and you're not doing any running: pull your weight around the court more! I know there's not a lot of you-'

'Oh, here we go with the _short jokes_, ' Hinata laughed. '_I love these_! Just make fun of my genetics because it's not like I can choose them, asshole-'

'The problem isn't your body!' Kageyama growled. 'We've practiced this technique of jumping and spiking before and it _worked_, but since last week you've been missing the ball-you're not putting any effort into practice!'

'I can do it!' Hinata yelled. 'Toss to me again! I'll concentrate this time,' he promised, furrowing his brow. 'I've got my game face on: zero sweat. I'm in the zone-'

Hinata bounced up and down on the spot to warm himself up, bending his knees down for a jump. Hearing Kageyama snort, Hinata turned to him-

'Hey, I haven't done anythi-'

SMACK!

The ball hit Hinata across the head, ruffling his orange hair before bouncing away innocently under the net. Hinata rubbed the sore spot, marching over to Kageyama.

'_Motherfucker_, don't toss the ball at me when I'm not looking!'

'I _said_ _I would toss it, it's not my problem if you weren't looking-'

'Get Hinata and Kageyama off the court,' Sawamura-the captain of the team-muttered to Yamaguchi. 'Before they kill each other.'

As ordered, Yamaguchi walked to the middle of the court, where the heated argument between Hinata and Kageyama continued-

'King of the court... king of the jerks!'

'You say something, shortie?'

'Hey, screw you! At least I don't have a superiority complex-'

'Hey, hey, hey! Guys, guys, _guys_!' Yamaguchi stepped in the middle of them and raised his hands, trying to hold back Hinata. 'Do we really have to resort to name calling?'

'_Hinata_ does,' Kageyama huffed. 'Because his body stopped growing at the age of eight, and now his mind has fallen back to match-'

'You're such an asshole!' Hinata screamed. 'You should be more respectful toward me because if you didn't have me, your kings toss would be useless 'cause _not a single other person can spike

it_-'

'You guys want to see who's the better player, right?' Tanaka asked-appearing beside Hinata.

'Uh... yeah!' Hinata agreed. He wasn't exactly sure that the focus of his and Kageyama's argument had been over which one of them could play volleyball the best-come to think of it, he couldn't even remember why they'd started fighting-but the fact remained that Kageyama had frustrated him, and he wasn't about to let that go lightly.

'I know a way we can settle this.' Tanaka grinned. 'Hinata, come with me... you too, Kags!'

Before Hinata and Kageyama could so much as exchange a worried glance with each other, Tanaka slipped an arm around Hinata's shoulder and steered him away to the sidelines of the court, where the rest of the Karasuno volleyball team were gathered, leaning back against a wall.

'We've been playing ourselves a liiiiiiittttle game,' Tanaka told Hinata, eyes glinting. 'It's called gay chicken-it's the ultimate test of nerves.'

'Really?' Hinata asked excitedly.

'Yep!' Tanaka smiled. 'And it seems to me that since you and Kageyama were practicing, you're the only ones who didn't get to play...'

'Ennoshita didn't play,' Kageyama added, quickly. 'He was on the court tossing the ball to us.'

'Yeah, but you two are having a dispute-gay chicken will be a great way to solve it!'

'Gay chicken...' Hinata rolled the phrase around in his mouth: no idea what it entailed. 'So, what do we have to do? A bunch of macho stuff to prove which one of us is the strongest? Picking up weights and running laps?'

Tanaka glanced back to the rest of the team and they all exchanged a snicker.

'Well, sorta like that... you have to try and kiss. In this game, two people have to move their heads closer to each other real slow like-as if they're about to kiss-and snake their hands up each other's pants to see how close they can come to grabbing the other person's crotch and kissing the other person on the lips. Bear in mind that you can pull away at any time, but the first person to pull back is the loser.'

Hinata's mouth curved into an O and he flushed pink for a second, before grabbing Kageyama by the arm-

'Well, that's easy!' He announced. 'All we have to do is touch and make out like we're going to kiss before one person pulls back! Won't be a very long game with Kageyama playing 'cause he's frigid, so I'm in!'

Kageyama stuck out his bottom lip.

'I'm not frigid,' he growled. 'And I never lose.'

'Well, neither do I!' Hinata fell into step beside Kageyama, puffing up his chest and turning to face him. 'Bring it on!'

'They're both far too pumped up with adrenaline,' Yamaguchi murmured, and Sawamura squared his shoulders.

'Should be interesting.'

Hinata frowned up at Kageyama, unsure of how to start the game: unsure if he should reach out suddenly and grab Kageyama's thigh, or slide his hand up slowly to touch it, reluctant to make the first move. Kageyama seemed to be having the same debate, as his hand hovered just over Hinata's hip, eventually resting against it-both of their gym shoes squeaking as they shuffled closer. Hinata was close to Kageyama, now... so close... so very close... Kageyama was gazing down...

'Do you need to stand on a crate?' Kageyama asked, and Hinata glowered.

'Fuck you, asshole! I'm going to win this: wait and see!'

Hinata relaxed the muscles in his jaw, trying to keep his breathing calm and diverting his attention away from his anger, to focus on touching Kageyama-feeling the way the individual hairs pricked up on Kageyama's skin at the touch. Kageyama bit back a shiver but refused to pull away; his head dipped in and he glowered at Hinata with stony eyes that dared him to keep touching: dared him to move in closer, and dared him to make a move.

Pull away..._

Kageyama willed silently, as Hinata's hands begun pinching his skin, making the blood rush around underneath it...

Pull away... please pull away..._

As the two of them came closer, Kageyama begun to feel dizzy, his head growing hazy as tingling sparks shot through his groin. There was a pleasant stirring sensation in his stomach as Hinata's touches seemed to cascade over his skin... the feelings were milky and alien and Kageyama's lids fluttered as he fought the urge to close his eyes.

It was just a few seconds that they'd spend drawing closer to each other, but it felt like an eternity: Kageyama jumped when he felt Hinata's fingers brush the fabric of his shorts, then remembering they were supposed to grab each other's crotches-in a very clumsy move, Kageyama reached down and squeezed the front of Hinata's shorts. The action came out of nowhere and Hinata hissed and straightened his back, but, again didn't pull away-they were both far too competitive to pull back. As well as that, it felt so good._

Hinata's hands were small and his palms were still hot from playing

volleyball, the skin slightly scratchy as it rubbed Kageyama's thigh. There was something sensual about the way that these hands moved... deliberately slow, and Hinata was averting his gaze. Neither of them could look at each other... their bodies were so close, now...

Kageyama felt Hinata's hot breath on his cheek and saw Hinata's shoulders rise and fall as he breathed in and out-felt the fabric of Hinata's gym shorts twitch slightly where he was holding it. Kageyama wasn't surprised, as some time ago his own cock had woken up and stirred, but thankfully Hinata's hands weren't there-at least, not _yet_, anyway. Both of them were visibly flushed, averting their gazes to the floor.

Hinata felt a little awkward feeling up Kageyama in front of the rest of the volleyball team, even moreso that his body was responding to Kageyama's touches so _enthusiastically_-Hinata wanted the game to end before he and Kageyama crossed a line and went to a point of no return, but at the same time, would _not_ be the one to lose. Hinata hoped he could catch Kageyama off guard-hoped that if he moved his lips in quickly, Kageyama would act on impulse and pull away... so, that was exactly what Hinata did.

Kageyama saw Hinata reach up for a kiss, but his impulses didn't tell him to pull away: they told him to lean down-meet Hinata's lips halfway-and kiss him back. So, before Kageyama knew it, this was what his body did.

Hinata's cheeks flushed pink as he stood up on tiptoes, his lips gently brushing Kageyama's. Kageyama was leaning down slightly so his dark fringe fell over his eyes, his tongue somewhere in the middle of Hinata's mouth, both of Hinata's hands resting on his hips as one of Kageyama's cupped Hinata's crotch and squeezed. Kageyama was about to deepen the kiss-swiping his tongue against Hinata's top row of teeth-when he remembered suddenly that _they were being watched_-

-that Kageyama had just kissed _Hinata_ (of all people) in front of his entire volleyball team... and actually enjoyed it. Embarrassment flared in Kageyama's body as he pulled back slowly, trembling as the floaty world of his and Hinata's kiss crumbled away, and the reality sunk in... the reality that he and Hinata had french kissed in the Karasuno High sports hall... with an audience.

'Hinata, you can let go now,' Kageyama breathed, as Hinata hand gripped his dick through his sports shorts-Hinata was staring up at him dreamily, blinking as if to snap himself out of a trance.

'I, well, oh... yes!'

The rest of the team watched with wide eyes as Kageyama and Hinata slid away, shuffling awkwardly before them.

'Oh my God...' Yamaguchi whispered. 'You weren't actually supposed to kiss.'

'Right, _right_, we knew that!' Hinata laughed awkwardly, cheeks reddening as he looked away- 'But Kageyama pulled back first-you guys all saw that, right? So, I win! I'm better than him!'

Tanaka snickered.

'Do you two, like, need a room or something? That was some straight on making out... I think I saw a flash of tongue in that as well-'

'You never told us we didn't have to kiss!' Kageyama said angrily, and Tanka shrugged.

'Dude, one of you were _supposed_ to pull away! You're not supposed to start to _like it_-'

'You're morons.' Kageyama scowled. 'All of you. Especially you, Hinata.'

'Me?! Why _especially_ _me_-'

Kageyama elbowed past the group, snatching up his water bottle and slamming the gym door shut behind him, leaving the hall very silent and still. Tanaka broke the quiet:

'King's cheeks were pretty red.'

'Kageyama _doesn't_ blush,' a member replied, to which Tanaka snorted.

'Are you kidding me-did you see him? D'you think he got all hot and sweaty because his first kiss was with the orange fuzzball-'

'I, um...' for once, Hinata was quiet. 'I-I'll go find him. I'll get him to calm down...'

And then Hinata dashed away, slamming the gym door shut a second time.

'That explains a lot of things, though,' Sawamura remarked, rubbing his chin. 'Did you notice why Hinata's been missing the ball all of this week?'

Yamaguchi nodded in response.

'Yeah- he's been staring at Kageyama.'

* * *

><p>Kageyama paced the corridors of Karasuno High, clenching and unclenching his fingers as he walked, trying to bring order to the turmoil in his thoughts.<p>

Kageyama was tall with short, dark hair, authority in his voice and an air of commanding-he hadn't been nicknamed the: 'king of the court' for no reason. He was strong, determined, resilient... and, currently, his whole body was tingling. He was in love. But he_couldn't_ be. It was one stupid, ridiculous kiss-one _competitive_ kiss! Kageyama didn't like boys-he didn't like anyone. He was independent... independence had always been his creed!

Hinata was shorter than Kageyama by over a head, with bright, keen eyes and an eager stance, his hair so orange that it offended Kageyama, sticking up in all directions like some ridiculous

underwater plant. Kageyama couldn't like Hinata. He couldn't-the idea was completely absurd! Hinata was the embodiment of everything that Kageyama scowled at... he was enthusiastic, noisy, far too earnest and the complete opposite of him...

And that's why you'd be a good match, a part of Kageyama's brain whispered, and Kageyama mentally slapped himself for allowing such a thought to gain dominance. Sure, Hinata was kind of cute, but Kageyama could find another man attractive without wanting to bone him-at least, he thought he could, anyway.

So, why did these feelings insist on flooding his stomach? And why was it that Hinata's stupid, annoying grin was stuck in his head, making him weak at the knees like some lovesick, teenage girl-

Kageyama turned the corner of a corridor, almost colliding with someone in the process.

'Sor-' Hinata looked up. 'Oh.'

'Come with me.'

Kageyama grabbed Hinata's wrist and dragged him into the shower room, pulling him inside of an empty changing cubicle, the door fluttering half-shut behind them. Kageyama backed Hinata up against a wall and placed his hands either side of Hinata's head, his shadow silhouetting Hinata as he looked down at the smaller boy.

'You're straight, aren't you?' Kageyama demanded.

'Uh... yeah.'

'And I'm straight: that means it was fine. That thing back there-that thing that we did...'

'That... kiss...'

'Yeah, that... thing... I want to make it very clear that it was a mistake.'

'Okay.' Hinata laughed. 'A mistake-I get it.'

'We just... miscalculated our movements, bumped heads, and our lips accidentally landed on each other's.'

'And our tongues just... slipped out... and accidentally went inside of each other's mouths.'

'Right, right.' Kageyama nodded. 'That was exactly what happened.'

There was a pause.

'Do you want to do it again?' Kageyama asked, and Hinata let go of the breath he'd been holding.

'Um, let me think: yeah.'

Kissing the next time wasn't as awkward as both boys leaned in at the

same time, both of them wrapped in each other's arms, tilting their heads and curving with each other's mouths, kissing with perfect synchronisation.

Kageyama held the smaller boy against his chest as he leaned down, kissing him back hesitantly-as if to ask for Hinata's permission-before allowing himself to be more creative, running his tongue around Hinata's mouth and dragging his lower lip with his teeth. Hinata fisted his fingers to pull on Kageyama's hair, moaning and making 'mmmnn' noises as their lips came apart and back together again at various angles, foreheads pressing against each other.

Hinata felt as if he were burning-Kageyama had pinned him back against one of the shower stall walls and was devouring his lips, thrusting his tongue against the back of Hinata's throat and smothering him with fierce, lustful kisses. Kageyama pushed his body up against him, addicted to Hinata's kiss-both boys completely engulfed in each other's lips. Hinata's body was on fire, and Kageyama loved the moans that he made-loved bucking and rolling his hips into Hinata's, feeling their bodies spark in response, groins warm and slick as they aligned. Hinata's hands were everywhere, and Kageyama's own weren't fast enough to feel Hinata in as many places as he wanted-his hands went up Hinata's t-shirt, raked through his hair and down the back of his gym shorts, squeezing Hinata's small, round ass as they smashed together in all fire and heat. Hinata was small, fierce and lithe and Kageyama couldn't get enough-it was only for air that the two of them broke apart, panting heavily as they took in long, deep breaths together.

'Dammit, we keep falling over and landing on each other,' Hinata murmured, face flushed and chest heaving-scratching the back of his neck in embarrassment.

'Gravity hates us,' Kageyama agreed.

'Yeah,' Hinata grinned. 'It must.'

Shortly after, the two of them leaned in for a second round of kissing.

2. Chapter 2 (um)

Kageyama's breath frosted in the air as he stood at the local bus stop, waiting for a shuttle bus to come and pick him up for the practice match with Nekoma High School. The bus was due in less than five minutes, and still, Hinata wasn't here-

Where's Hinata? Not here, that's where. I swear, if he doesn't come...

After five more minutes, Hinata skidded up to him-almost slipping on the ice.

'You're late,' Kageyama said, looking down at Hinata and thinking to himself that Hinata did not look even remotely cute in a white knitted bobble hat-absolutely. Not. At. All.

'Hesomosmphhhmee,' Hinata said, through the piece of toast in his

mouth and Kageyama frowned.

'You overslept?'

A headshake.

'Training?'

A headshake.

'Lose your house key?'

Hinata glowered.

This is like communicating with an extra-terrestrial.

'Then _what_? Were you sick? Practice match nerves?'

'Hmofmem-'

'Hinata, just eat the toast already for both of our sakes.'

'It's a secret!' Hinata announced taking the toast out of his mouth, and Kageyama peered at the mud stains on his gym bag.

'You dropped your gym bag while running here, didn't you?'

'No. Yes. Maybe. Shut up.'

* * *

><p>'Hinata... your scarf is coming loose.'<p>

'Huh?'

Kageyama removed Hinata's scarf and then re-looped it around his neck, fussing over the smaller boy in a close to motherly fashion.

'And your nose is red,' Kageyama complained, pulling up the zipper on Hinata's sports jacket to the top. 'Hinata, it's freezing today... you're gonna get a cold if you're not careful.'

'I'll be fine-I just need to warm up more!' Hinata said, bouncing on the soles of his feet. 'Are we waiting for the bus or are we waiting for our deaths?' He huffed. 'They said half-past seven... more like half-past half-past seven!'

'Uh, that would be eight-o clock.' Kageyama looked off into the distance. 'Anyway, I think I see them coming: busses have to drive slow when there's ice on the roads, so I think we can forgive them.'

It had been two months since Kageyama and Hinata's first kiss and there had been further intervals of kissing in secret since when the rest of the team weren't looking... kissing, and then going back to the court and pretending that the two of them were just teammates.

The two of them had an unspoken agreement not to mention the fact that they regularly kissed to the rest of the team... because, even though the entire team had been present at the point of their first kiss (and even though Kageyama would often catch several members eying him and Hinata with a: 'we-know-more-than-you-think-we-know' expression) Kageyama still wasn't sure where he stood with Hinata: still didn't know what the two of them were supposed to _be._

Okay, so maybe Kageyama hadn't been able to forget about the way that Hinata's hand had rested on his hip, Hinata's lips soft and warm against his, or the heat of the younger man's body. Maybe he couldn't forget the way they'd wrapped their arms around each other's backs, fisted their fingers in each other's hair and felt the press of each other's bodies, but that didn't _mean_ anything... all good teammates kissed each other occasionally... right?

The bus pulled up and Kageyama and Hinata were the first members of Karasuno to board it. Kageyama took one of the double seats at the back, dumping his bag on the chair next to him-thinking it would be better if he and Hinata sat apart in case any of the others tried to tease them about it. Hinata pouted at Kageyama's bag then took the double seat directly in front of Kageyama. The bus made several more stops and the rest of the team boarded... bored, Kageyama took his phone out of his bag and slid it up, playing a game on the touch screen.

'Coach said no cell phones on the trip,' Hinata informed Kageyama deliberately loudly, and Kageyama scowled, realising coach Ukai was only a few seats away from where they were.

'How careless of me,' he murmured, hiding the phone. 'I almost forgot.'

'Good thing you have me around then, isn't it?' Hinata chirped-resting his arms over the back of the chair and giving Kageyama an: '_I'm _your only source of entertainment now,' grin.

'It's boring here,' Hinata complained. 'So, I'm going to make small talk with you!'

'Uh, talk all you want. I've got these.' Kageyama said, holding up a pair of earphones and Hinata puffed his cheeks.

'You're such a jerk! You're not even listening to music-_yes, _Kageyama, I can see your phone from here and it isn't even turned on!'

'This is a good song.' Kageyama replied, and Hinata scowled.

'Again, you're a jerk. I can't believe I made out with you-'

Kageyama gasped.

'Not so loud! Everyone else is gonna hear-'

'See?' Hinata lay back in the seat in satisfaction. 'I knew you didn't have your music turned on. You really were listening to me: j-e-r-k.'

* * *

><p>The rest of the ride passed smoothly for Kageyama, as Hinata fell asleep against the window, his head moving slightly whenever the bus went over a bump. Hinata looked cute when he was asleep: Kageyama could only see the back of Hinata's head, but could hear the soft sounds of him breathing, see several strands of orange hair that poked out from beneath his hat... suddenly, Kageyama was struck with the urge to brush his fingers through them, remembering the texture when they'd kissed in that changing stall-the way the strands of Hinata's hair would flick up beneath his fingers, wiry and top window of the bus was open and Hinata shuddered slightly, so Kageyama took off his jacket and draped it over Hinata's shoulders.<p>

'What's that, Kageyama?' Tanaka peered over the side of his seat. 'Is that a tender gesture of affection toward another human being that I spy?'

'N-no,' Kageyama flushed. 'I just didn't want our spiker to get sick before a match. It would be a pain if he caught a cold from the open windows, and Hinata doesn't know how to take care of himself, s-so I felt like I had to-'

There was a giggle from nearby and Hinata's shoulders begun to shake.

'You were _pretending _to be asleep?' Kageyama yelled.

* * *

><p>The bus pulled up at Nekoma High School and the captains of both volleyball teams shook hands, smiling as their eyes hunted out potential weaknesses in each other.<p>

'You guys always stand together, don't you?' Taketora-one of Nekoma's wing spikers-said, to Hinata and Kageyama.

'This one just came out of the woodwork one day and attached itself to me,' Kageyama shrugged, pointing at Hinata.

'They're fucking,' Nishinoya mouthed to Taketora, which caused Kageyama's elbow to slam hard into his rib.

'We're honestly, really not,' Hinata replied... a little moodily, Kageyama couldn't help but notice. Hinata dragged his feet slightly as he walked ahead of Kageyama into the sports hall, Kageyama frowning as he followed.

Hinata and I have been kissing for several weeks... should we be doing that kind of thing by now? I think I want to take things further, but it feels like it would be awkward... we are on the same volleyball team, after all, and neither of us ever talk about how we feel.

'Hey, Hinata... you really sure you're okay to play this one?'

They were doing warm-up's on the court and coach Ukai had approached Hinata, who was clutching his stomach.

'I'm fine,' Hinata replied, confidently. 'I'm going to give it my

all!'

'It's just a practice match,' Ukai told him. 'It doesn't matter if we lose-'

'Yeah, it doesn't matter if you lose-it's only the rest of your entire volleyball career!' One of the Nekoma students yelled, and Sawamura grabbed Tanaka by the collar to try and hold him back from clambering over the net and punching the player who'd tried intimidating Hinata.

'This match won't mean anything,' Ennoshita told Hinata, gently. 'He was just joking when he said your volleyball career will end if you fail.'

'Ha-ha-ha,' Hinata replied, over the chattering of his teeth and the shaking of his knees. Kageyama watched Hinata with concern-knowing how badly the other young man's nerves often got the better of him-about to try and comfort Hinata when the whistle blew suddenly.

'TEAMS-TAKE POSITIONS! One minute until play!'

And everybody separated. So many things were running through Kageyama's head that he wanted to say to reassure Hinata, but all he managed was:

'...Good luck.'

'Y-yeah!' Hinata straightened his back. 'We'll win this one, I'm sure!'

* * *

><p>'Ahhh... we lost the match by three points.'<p>

'I'm sorry, everyone!' Hinata bowed in apology. 'We lost that game because of me â€œ'

'Don't say that!' Sugawara put a hand on Hinata's shoulder. 'It was a close call! You had a few slip ups, but it's nothing more training won't fix. You'll get there, Hinata: Nekoma is a tough team. We didn't beat them last time, either.'

Hinata nodded slowly, dropping his gaze to the floor.

'Hey,' Tanaka hissed at Kageyama. 'Why's Hinata in a mood? Did you two have a lovers quarrel?'

Kageyama didn't even deny the lovers comment.

'I don't know why Hinata's being like this,' Kageyama said, with a frown. 'I haven't done anything to him.'

Or maybe the fact that I haven't done anything to Hinata is the problem? Either way, something's eating at him: I should investigate in more detail when the two of us are alone.

The bus took them back to Karasuno and Kageyama and Hinata passed the journey in silence. The entire team proceeded to shower whilst

Kageyama took Hinata to practice tossing a volleyball to each other on a patch of nearby grass.

'What's on your mind?' Kageyama asked.

'Nothing.'

'Hinata, what's on your mind?'

'Nothing, I don't even know why you'd ask that-'

'Because you always play worse whenever something's troubling you.' Kageyama growled. 'I know you didn't give it your best today, Hinata-you looked lost in thought for most of that game. What is it?'

Hinata made an aggravated noise.

'You know, I thought I was fine with this.' He said, hotly. 'I really thought I was, but back there in Nekoma, I came to the realisation that I don't want to be used!'

'Um... what?'

'You're_ using_ me!' Hinata huffed. 'You always ignore and avoid me, but when it comes to kissing you're plenty interested-'

'Hinata, calm down: I'm not_ using_ you... I just don't think I'm ready to go public with what we do, and I don't want the rest of the team to catch on. I mean, I... it's _embarrassing_-'

'The idea of going out with me is embarrassing, right!' Hinata clenched his fists. 'Volleyball or not, it's the same... you literally and metaphorically look down on me all the time-'

'You're getting ahead of yourself,' Kageyama cut him off. 'Hinata, I don't look down on you... at least, not... not in any way that I can help. C'mon: I think we should take a break.'

Kageyama put the volleyball back in the shed and slid down against the side of the school, side-by-side on the grass with Hinata.

'It's just awkward, is all,' Kageyama murmured. 'I didn't know it was bothering you this much.'

Hinata snorted.

'As if you can't stop thinking about it, either.'

'We're too embarrassed to talk about what we do,' Kageyama sighed. 'It's getting worse and worse. Back there at Nekoma, we couldn't even look each other in the eye... we shouldn't let it affect our performance. If we're going to have this relationship, then we need to start to feel comfortable around each other or else the whole team is going to suffer.'

'R-relationship?' Hinata stammered, and Kageyama nodded.

'Yeah. That's what you wanted, isn't it?'

'I... I don't know,' Hinata flushed. 'I-I mean, I like kissing you... and being with you now, I get a strange, happy feeling... I just thought you were using me before. Kageyama, that's not a nice feeling.'

'I know-it's because we never talk about this. You're always blushing or looking down, and I'm always...'

'Too much of a jerk to admit what you feel?' Hinata supplied and Kageyama glowered but followed it with a sigh.

'Yeah,' he murmured. 'Sometimes, I guess I am.'

The sky up above them was blue and cloudless, and the two of them blinked up at it: watching two ravens as they circled overhead and then flew away, disappearing over the school roof.

'Hinata, listen... if you didn't like kissing me, you should have said-'

'Do you think I would have done it so many times if I didn't like it?' Hinata flared up. 'I'm not a pushover, Kageyama! I want...'
Hinata continued. 'Kageyama, I want to go further. I think I like you... maybe even l-love you, so, there it is: laugh all you want.'

Kageyama kissed him. Hinata raised a hand to smooth it through Kageyama's dark hair, leaning in deeper when a voice made him jump:

'KAGEYAMA? HINATA? You guys there? We're done in the showers, so we're gonna go home-lock up the doors when you're done!'

Taking Hinata's hand, Kageyama pulled him up.

'So, uh.' He begun. 'Hinata, tell me more about how much 'further' you want to go with me.'

* * *

><p>The volleyball club shower room was already hot and steamy by the time that Kageyama and Hinata got there, both of them fumbling as they undressed. Hinata followed Kageyama into the showers, treading carefully on the wet tiles of the floor.<p>

'Hinata, watch out for the water-'

'Water?' Hinata called back. 'I don't see any water! Only all of this wet, slippery stuff-'

'Alright, alright,' Kageyama sighed. 'Stating the obvious, I get it. I just don't want you to slip and kill yourself-'

'Extreme.'

'I worry about you,' Kageyama murmured, positioning himself behind Hinata and circling his arms around his waist. Shower water sprayed onto them both, both of them trying to share a single shower, standing naked together, surrounded by ceramic tiles.

'There's no one else here now,' Kageyama murmured, and the tone of his voice sent a shiver down Hinata's spine. Kageyama leaned in and pressed several kisses to Hinata's neck, nipping and biting at the soft, wet skin, the kisses getting harder and hungrier, hands gripping Hinata's firm muscles, not realising how forceful he was being until he heard Hinata gasp-

'Should I stop?' He asked gently. Hinata turned his head, giving Kageyama a small smile.

'Why? ...When we both want this?'

'I... Hinata, I don't know how far you want to go, but I think I'm ready to lose my virginity-'

'Then go ahead,' Hinata said, in a breathless voice. 'Lose it.'

'A-are you really sure you're ready-'

'Are you sure _you're _ready?' Hinata mock-frowned. 'Get on with it.'

Excuse me for trying to make you comfortable.

Kageyama resumed his kissing, running his hands over Hinata's waist, his lips everywhere. Hinata breathed in very deeply as he did this, drawing in breaths through his nose as Kageyama's fingers smoothed over his skin, the heat of the shower raining down onto them.

'Do you like that?'

'I...'

Hinata's breathing became ragged and the sound made Kageyama painfully aware of his own burning arousal, giving the smaller boy's hips an affectionate squeeze. He rubbed soap over Hinata carefully, hands gliding over the small muscles, in between his small, tight ass, getting used to the feel of Hinata's skin... he'd never touched another person in these places. Wet Hinata was irresistible and Kageyama swirled his tongue around the inside of his mouth, breathing into Hinata's ear as he bucked slowly against his back. Water trickled down Hinata's body and Kageyama snaked down a hand to grip the smaller boy's arousal, rubbing his thumb over the slit of his cock and earning a yelp.

'Did I get carried away?'

'Yeah... but I like it.' Hinata grinned. 'You'll be slow with me, won't you, Kageyama?'

Kageyama didn't know a lot about sex with other males but he figured the more excited Hinata got, the better it would feel. Kageyama dragged in a deep breath through his nose and bent down to lick Hinata's nipples-already erect from the shower water-running his tongue over the nubs until they became firm, plucking and pulling them with his fingers. It was difficult to give each one equal amounts of attention...

'_Fuck_, Kageyama...'

Hinata gasped, body flushed red from the shower steam. Kageyama had never done this before and the clumsiness of Hinata's movements were a giveaway that neither had he, either; Kageyama's impulses were telling him to grab Hinata and nail him to a wall, but he knew better than to enter Shouyou without preparation-Kageyama didn't want to go on a hormone-fuelled rampage and hurt him badly. So, he supposed they should take things slow.

'We should... stretch you.' Kageyama said and Hinata nodded, burrowing his nose into the wall. Kageyama spread Hinata's legs gently, licking the hole with his tongue in a way that caused the smaller young man to sigh, pressing back against him. Kageyama pulled back and sucked on two of his own fingers, wetting them in preparation to enter Hinata.

'Tell me if it hurts or you don't like it.'

'Okay...'

Hot water caressed Kageyama as he inserted a finger into Hinata by a centimetre and then twisted it, massaging his anus on from the outside with the other hand. Hinata's hole was small and tight-dry-so Kageyama removed the finger and wet it some more, before pushing it back in.

'Ahh...'

'Do you like it?'

'I-I like it... Kageyama, I like it...'

The words seemed a little forced, but when Kageyama got past the prep stage then he knew that Hinata's pleasure would be for real: he pushed the single finger in a little more before adding a second, sinking them into Hinata's heat and driving them in and out in small, fast thrusting motions.

'Feeling good?' Kageyama asked, not wanting to hurt the other boy; although Kageyama yelled at Hinata more than he spoke to him normally, the idea of deliberately making Hinata uncomfortable made him uneasy. He wanted Hinata to know that they could take it at his own pace, except Hinata didn't seem to appreciate Kageyama's patience-

'Harder, asshole!' Hinata clenched his teeth. 'Kageyama, more fingers... there's a good place in me, but you're not going in deep enough-'

'I need to prepare you some more before that... Hinata, be patient!'

'Don't tell me to be patient when you're not even in this position!' Hinata growled. 'Kageyama... hurry... UP!'

Kageyama frowned, holding Hinata's back to stop him from bucking against his hand. He pushed the fingers in deeper as Hinata asked and the other boy gave a hiss, growling and mewing as he was stretched.

'You're too impatient...' Kageyama murmured. 'Hinata, take it slowly. Shhh...'

Hinata was whimpering-looking fairly certain he couldn't take any more- and Kageyama added a third finger past the ring of muscle. As the fingers thrust, Hinata gave a sound somewhere in between a pleased moan and a wail that made Kageyama's cock jump, brought to life again. Even so, Kageyama's fingers continued to probe gently, maintaining his patience until he found the spot that made Hinata scream-

'KAGEYAMA!'

...And knew they were both ready. Kageyama's breath was hot, nose brushing Hinata's hair as he stood, steadily pushing his cock into Hinata's body. A wave of heat washed over Kageyama, feeling blissful as he entered, slowly, oh-so-steadily-biting his lip hard as he suppressed the urge to thrust hard, holding Hinata's hips and rocking them both together.

'Mmn...'

The movements were languid, Hinata's mouth open, brown eyes shut tight as he sucked his lip. The shower water made their skin slick against each other, pleased vibrations buzzing through Hinata's body, a little sharpness like needles dotting their way up his spine one by one, but the more Kageyama moved slowly, the more it started to fade; and the euphoria was more than worth it. Hinata tried moving back to encourage Kageyama to go harder when Kageyama grasped his waist...

'Easy, easy.'

'Easy for you to say...' Hinata managed to pant and followed the sound by a gasp; Kageyama leaned in to press a gruff kiss to his cheek.

'Am I good?' Hinata whispered, the rocking getting stronger now, causing Hinata to groan. Kageyama nodded.

'So good... i-incredible... really, Hinata, it's fuckin' hard to keep it slow-'

'I-it's hard for me, too,' Hinata managed. 'Kag... Kageyama, I-I... I want to be loud-'

'Yeah? Go ahead... make lots of noise. Hinata, I want to hear you as well.'

Hinata's legs were shaking, the patter of shower water around them seeming deafening as Kageyama lost sight of the world around him. His hands loosened around Hinata's ribs, encircling him now instead of holding him, Hinata leaning against the wall as he winced, every one of Kageyama's thrusts making him tingle. Kageyama's body entered autopilot as his thrusts grew harder, faster, his own harsh panting filling up his ears as his heart pounded in his chest... he could feel his climax drawing closer.

Hinata's moans bounced from the tiles as he bent over-dripping and wet-arching his back into Kageyama's movements, angled to hit his

prostate. There was the smack of wet skin against wet skin and it was all too much, too good, and Kageyama couldn't take it-he came with a sharp cry, his release spilling down the back of Hinata's thighs and washing away down the drain. Hinata came shortly afterwards, breathing heavily as Kageyama clutched him, the small body threatening to crumple. Kageyama turned off the shower and steered Hinata towards the benches, Hinata collapsing down onto one. Kageyama covered his legs with a towel, crouching down on the floor in front of him.

'Hinata, do you hurt?'

Hinata took longer to catch up with his breathing than Kageyama, taking in deep lungful's in bursts. His eyes flickered open and he nodded.

'Sore... but I can take it.'

'Hmn... then I'm glad.'

Kageyama grinned, standing up and pulling on his shorts. Hinata watched him for a moment before his neck curved slightly, leaning up to kiss Kageyama, Kageyama's own eyelids closing as his head arched in...

'Whoops!' The door clicked open suddenly and Tanaka barged in, Hinata shooting back from Kageyama like lightening. 'Forgot my keys-'

'Get the hell out!' Kageyama yelled, and Tanaka ducked at one of Kageyama's thrown trainers, making his way out of the door with a salute.

'Did he double back just to spy on us?' Hinata asked, and Kageyama frowned.

'Wouldn't put it past him. We never get any privacy around here, do we...?'

Hinata made a dying sound and lay back against the bench.

3. Chapter 3

****Summary:**** Hinata doesn't think Kageyama is a very attentive boyfriend. Meanwhile, Kageyama's concerned the rest of the volleyball team are onto them... kagehina sex happens.

****Luuka:**** 100 favs! Thank u!

* * *

><p>It was only 8:47am but it had already been a long day for Tobio Kageyama, as he'd somehow managed to upset his boyfriend, Hinata... without even going near him.<p>

'Is Hinata here?' Yamaguchi asked, approaching Kageyama during first year's homeroom session. Kageyama scanned the classroom for a hint of orange, unable to find it.

'I can't see him.'

'Oh... I thought you two walked to school together... you don't live by each other?'

'We usually meet by the bus stop,' confirmed Kageyama. 'But I came in early today-one of my family gave me a lift. I didn't get time to tell Hinata.'

'Ah... do you think he's still waiting for you?'

Kageyama didn't say anything, but his fingers curled slightly on his lap.

'I'm just concerned, you know?' Yamaguchi continued, in a faraway voice. '...Hinata's so small! Someone could shut him in a cupboard and trap him there for weeks... or mistake him for a first schooler-'

'Excuse me. I have something to take care of,' Kageyama said, walking out of the classroom in a stiff and composed stance until he got past the school gates... then the soles of his school shoes slapped against the frozen ground as he ran, cursing underneath his breath.

'That_ idiot_!'

Okay, so maybe looking back, the situation was partially Kageyama's fault. Yes, he and Hinata did usually wait for each other each morning at the bus stop in the middle of their homes, but Kageyama had thought that if he didn't show up five minutes after the agreed time, then Hinata would have enough common sense to walk to school without him, but apparently not.

He found Hinata standing by the edge of the bus stop with a fine layer of snow covering the hat on his head. Hinata's lips were slightly blue, his mitten-covered hands shaking as he gripped the side of his school rucksack, looking ahead in a distressed way; seeing him like that made Kageyama hate himself.

'Hey... you coming to school?'

Quiet. Hinata's shoulders shook lightly.

'Hinata... any longer and you'll turn into a snowman-'

'Is that all you have to say to me?' Hinata yelled-temper exploding. 'Not even: 'sorry for making you wait,' or: 'sorry, I'm king of the assholes-'

'Hinata, listen... I think you should calm down. I'm new to this, and I'm not a very good boyfriend-'

'You are the worst boyfriend!' Hinata screamed. 'Kageyama, you left me to freeze to death in the snow!'

'In my defence,' replied Kageyama, growling. 'We didn't arrange this. You just assumed-'

'We had a mutual agreement, Kageyama! M-U-T-U-A-L: it means I don't have to say it... you should just know to wait for me before

school-'

'Well, I'm sorry for not having E.S.P-'

'Well, I'm sorry for dating you! We're through!' Hinata screamed, stomping off up an icy slope then slipping and falling over on his face. Kageyama helped Hinata up, holding the smaller boy's shoulders.

'...You okay?'

'I still love you,' Hinata whimpered, rubbing his face into Kageyama's coat lapel, sniffing. 'Kageyama, will you take me back?'

* * *

><p>On average, Hinata and Kageyama broke up and got back together about twelve times a week. At first, Hinata had used it as a control mechanism ('Kageyama, give me a spoonful of your ice cream or I don't love you') then when Kageyama had said: 'fine,' they'd entered this vicious cycle-but Kageyama was fine with the arrangement for three reasons:<p>

1) The make-up kissing was _hot._

2) They never_ really_ broke up, because the phrase was just meant as the world's least effective threat, and:

3) They always got back together in the end.

Still, that didn't mean that Kageyama didn't get pissed off with Hinata, because he did. On multiple occasions.

'Kageyama, you're not letting the rest of the team have enough time with the ball,' said coach Ukai, crossing his arms over his chest after blowing the whistle. 'I know it's what comes naturally, but you're part of a team... remember to share.'

It was true that old habits die hard, and Kageyama still found it difficult to share the ball during practice. It wasn't that he didn't trust the rest of Karasuno... this was just the way he'd played all of his life, and it was hard to shake. He gave a stern nod, recognising his own weakness.

Hinata, as per usual, took the situation entirely the wrong way:

'Why don't you just play volleyball by yourself, Kageyama?!' He demanded, following Kageyama into the changing rooms. 'If you think that us dating will make me go easy on you in volleyball, then you've got another thing coming-Kageyama, your practice today _sucked_!'

Hinata's voice cracked when he shouted-Kageyama found it hard to take him seriously when he was so cute. Hinata puffed his cheeks like a blowfish and they glared at each other.

'Why do you have to be so angry all of your life?'

'Why do you have to be such a_ dick_ all of your life?!' Hinata shouted, and in that moment the changing room door clicked open and the rest of the team poured in, staring at Hinata and Kageyama, Kageyama and Hinata staring back.

'Nice to see you both fully clothed this time,' Tanaka said, giving Kageyama a knowing grin. Hinata summarised that if you could kill other people with looks, then Kageyama would have had Tanaka hung, drawn and quartered a thousand times over by now, as he was staring knives in Tanaka's direction.

'Sorry,' Sawamura said, softly. 'Did we interrupt something?'

'I heard the word: 'dick,' Nishinoya imputed, and he and Tanaka snickered. Kageyama turned his death glare on Nishinoya who had obviously recognised trouble as he'd begun to slowly back out of the door.

'Nothing,' replied Kageyama, in a dead voice. 'Just Hinata overreacting. As usual.'

Hinata huffed and opened his mouth to say something when Sawamura called him and Kageyama back onto a corner of the court in private, his tone serious but patient.

'You two probably want to get home, so I'll get straight to the point,' he begun. 'You both have been acting differently lately... is everything okay?'

Hinata went to reply, when Kageyama cut him off-

'We're fine.'

'Is Tanaka teasing you because he walked in on you both changing?' Sawamura said, giving Kageyama an understanding look which told Kageyama he'd had this conversation all too many times. He sighed. 'Tanaka's a serial offender for that... do you know the girls volleyball team have to keep a mop by their door?'

'What do they do with the mop?' Hinata asked.

'You know,' Sawamura tilted his head. 'I never asked. But whatever they do, it doesn't stop him.'

'Maybe he's a masochist?' Hinata asked. 'Uhh... wait: were masochists the ones who like being hurt or the ones who liked hurting people...?'

'More importantly,' Kageyama replied, preferring not to introduce Hinata into the world of BDSM and fill his little head with ideas just yet. 'It's getting late... Hinata and I should probably go home before it gets dark.'

Sawamura nodded.

'I understand. Ever since we all pressured you both into playing that ridiculous 'gay chicken' game, we feel so guilty for making you uncomfortable... any way, as captain of the team, I want you to know that if something's bothering either of you, we can find a way to help. If there's anything on your mind, then just come out and say

it.'

'He knows,' Hinata announced, as they got changed-the rest of the team having finished. 'They all know we're dating.'

'They don't.'

'They do! They'd have to be blind, deaf and stupid-'

'Most of them, then...' Kageyama muttered, pulling his school uniform over his head. Hinata came closer slowly.

'Either you tell them,' he said, slowly. 'Or they find out.'

'You know I'm going to tell them,' Kageyama muttered, avoiding Hinata's eyes. 'I'm waiting for things to get more serious...'

'Kageyama, I've had your dick up my ass-how much more serious can things get?!!'

Kageyama thought Hinata had a fair point, but they'd only been dating for a few weeks... it had nothing to do with not liking Hinata, and everything to do with the fact that Kageyama was still processing the situation. He couldn't dive into things as impulsively as Hinata: he had to take time to strategize. Assess. Calculate. Process this relationship for what it was.

'I'll drop you home today!' Hinata chirped, as they left the changing rooms.

'What do you mean: 'drop?'' Kagayama asked. 'That sounds questionable.'

'Well, I left my bike here the other day, so-'

'You can't mean-'

'I brought the extra seat for the back!' Hinata yelled, tugging the seat out of his gym bag and holding it to the light as if God had blessed it. 'Dad bought it for me to take Natsu when I go cycling and she threw up on it a few times, but I cleaned it-!'

'I'm not getting on that!' Kageyama growled. 'Absolutely not. Never.'

Hinata's big chocolate eyes went wide, and his hair flicks seemed to droop, scrunching up his nose as his lip trembled.

'I just thought...' he murmured. 'It would be really romantic... like a shmmn...'

'Like a what?' Kageyama growled, in disbelief to what he'd heard.

'Like a shojou manga!' Hinata shouted back. 'I researched this, Kageyama! I researched what couples are supposed to do in relationships and it may surprise you to know that being an egotistical asshole to your partner wasn't on the list-'

'...alright,' Kageyama exhaled, giving an exasperated sigh-knowing he'd regret this later. 'Hinata, if you'll shut the hell up about me being a lacking boyfriend, I'll get on the back of the bike with you-'

Hinata made a: 'yaha!' sound and ran to the bike sheds fast enough to create clouds of dust in the ground, Kageyama dragging his feet in a sullen way as he followed... he would never live this down.

'This is awkward,' he complained, as Hinata's bike breezed downhill, Kageyama sitting on the back scowling.

'It's not awkward!'

'It is for me.'

'Then you're awkward!' Hinata spun around. 'You're the one who doesn't even-'

'Hinata, pay attention to the fuc-'

* * *

><p>'That was avoidable,' Kageyama growled, picking himself up from the ground and rubbing his nosebleed on the back of his wrist from where Hinata had crashed his bike into a tree. Whilst Kageyama had simply fell to the side, Hinata had shot over the handlebars like a cannonball, but somehow, Kageyama was the one who'd sustained the most injuries from the experience... his luck was just that good.

'I never want you to tell me that I'm a bad boyfriend again,' Kageyama snarled, as he and Hinata marched home. 'Because however negligent I am, you're a thousand times worse-you almost broke my spine.'

'Can we not play the blame game, Kageyama? It's just that I find it immature,' Hinata replied, his own nosebleed trailing down his neck. Kageyama stopped on the pavement and pulled on Hinata's cheeks to examine the grazes, Hinata making wailing sounds.

'You're not hurt, are you?' Kageyama barked.

'F-fine...' Hinata flushed as he looked away. '...and you?' he mumbled.

'What?'

'ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?!' Hinata shouted, the high pitch making Kageyama go deaf for several seconds. Kageyama rubbed the back of his neck, embarrassed.

'Fine. ...whatever.'

All his frustration had slipped away.

* * *

><p>The next day was a Saturday and Karasuno all came into school to practice volleyball for an hour in the morning before everyone got

changed, talking about how they'd kill the rest of their weekend when they got home. Kageyama found Hinata having an animated conversation with Ennoshita and Nishinomiya about spiking as they laced their shoes on the benches, pulling Hinata over to the side.<p>

'Hinata... er...' Kageyama broke off awkwardly. 'Do you want to go out for a drink with me?'

'Yes!' Hinata shouted-barley a second after Kageyama had asked... not even considering the offer. 'I'd love to!'

'Are you free now?'

'Uh... yes?'

Nishioyna may have already asked Hinata to go out for burgers, but fuck Nishioyna, seriously: this was a date with Kageyama. Nishioyna could wait until Christmas came and freeze to death in the snow for all Hinata cared.

'Great,' Kageyama replied, stiffly, keeping a straight frown though he felt weirdly excited inside.

...maybe this boyfriend thing wasn't so hard, after all.

* * *

><p>After telling the rest of the team they were going ahead, Hinata followed Kageyama into the town. The snow made everything feel novel, so fairy-tale that Kageyama could practically hear the cliché wind-up Christmas carousel music, the bare trees quivering as snow settled on their branches. Even though it was afternoon, the store windows all twinkled with orange lights and the sky was frosted in cloud. Hinata's face scrunched up when snowflakes settled on his nose, then he sneezed.<p>

'Coldcoldcoldcoldcoldcoldcold!' Hinata said, bouncing up and down on the spot.

'Why are you so energetic all of the time?' Kageyama frowned, wondering why the real world hadn't crushed all of Hinata's enthusiasm by now-just looking at the other boy was enough to make him exhale. He took Hinata into a milkshake bar.

'This store has fifty flavours of milkshake...' Hinata breathed, eyes sparkling as he looked around.

'Don't get too excited,' Kageyama ordered, thinking it was probably already too late: Hinata had a look on his face like he was close to running up the walls, or a cat trapped in a washing machine.

A waitress came over to them in a lacy maids outfit and cat ears, and Kageyama tried not to think about how cute Hinata would look in her costume... tried and failed. Kageyama's eyes flicked back to Hinata, as if worried that the other boy had somehow heard his private thoughts, but Hinata just gave him a flawless grin. Hinata looked so happy to be here... it made Kageyama's chest grow warm. They both got a hot chocolate with raspberry flavoured whipped cream, cherries and wafers.

'Good?' Kageyama asked, and Hinata 'mmmmhmmnn'd' through his cup, then choked.

'You okay?'

'Icoughedanditcameoutofmynose...'

'That's... uh... ' Kageyama refrained from commenting, standing to get some spare napkins.

Least romantic date ever.

Somehow, they were both enjoying it; just sitting across from Hinata made Kageyama's pulse thrum hard enough to hammer nails, although he was too stubborn and embarrassed to say anything. Kageyama stared down hard into his drink, thinking of Hinata's bright eyes and happy laugh, his enthusiasm and optimism... suddenly, Kageyama had to wonder if he really had neglected Hinata and if he was the worst boyfriend ever.

Then he remembered that Hinata had crashed into a tree and almost given him a concussion, and the thought was lost.

'I'm really glad you... asked me out...' mumbled Hinata, out of nowhere. 'Because I... you know, I didn't expect it-'

'Well, this is what you usually do, isn't it?' Kageyama asked, his throat getting dry. 'You usually go out to places with people you... like...'

The words stuck an arrow in his pride and made it sore, but did it ever feel like a load off Kageyama's mind to finally voice it aloud; Hinata gazed up at Kageyama as if he'd just told him the nature of the entire universe, cheeks flushed slightly as the words settled in:

'I like you as well!!' Hinata practically shouted, standing up at the table.

'Tell the whole restaurant, why don't you?' Kageyama murmured, aware that everyone was staring. Hinata sunk back down and grinned shyly, scratching the back of his hair... he looked adorable, despite how frustrated Kageyama was with him. Kageyama gave Hinata a hard look that said: 'I find your orange hair, loud attitude and on further extension, entire existence offensive, but the second I get you to a room with a bed none of that will matter.'

As if it ever did.

* * *

><p>For the rest of Saturday, Kageyama took Hinata back to his house, Hinata bowing nervously as Kageyama introduced him to his mother... Kageyama didn't tell her that they were dating. They played volleyball in the garden with the clothesline as a makeshift net, talking on the front steps before it got dark.<p>

'Why don't you ask your friend to eat with us?' Kageyama's mother asked. 'It's a weekend and Tobio, you never have friends to stay... I could make a call to Hinata's mother and arrange for him to sleep

over.'

Hinata looked as if he were about to explode at the suggestion, stuttering and mumbling about how he didn't want to be any trouble through the red blush on his cheeks as Kageyama's mother laughed, saying it wasn't a problem. Kageyama didn't have a lot of possessions but Hinata looked around his room in awe as if he were in a museum, fascinated by every single thing. Kageyama's mother found a spare TV that they set up in Kageyama's room so that the two of them could watch a movie, both of them sitting atop the futon as they watched it. Kageyama put an arm around Hinata-a little awkwardly.

'I can't lie against you,' said Hinata. 'I-I'll give you a dead arm...'

Or something else, Kageyama thought privately, trying to brush that to the back of his head but unable to help it-he was a teenage boy, and the second his brain registered: 'Hinata,' his hormones took over and started shooting him images of Hinata wet and naked in the showrooms, looking back at Kageyama with large, brown eyes, pleading...

'_I need you, Kageyama... fuck me...'_

It was hard to keep his thoughts above the waist.

Hinata was right about cuddling, as for the first five minutes it was romantic, then Kageyama started to get neck cramps. Hinata wriggled in his arm, looking up at Kageyama and they stared for several seconds... then they both moved in for a kiss-too enthusiastically-miscalculated and banged their foreheads together.

'Ow, ow, ow,' Hinata wailed.

'You ok?'

'I'm fine...'

'Hinata, you're too eager.'

'W-well, I've spent the whole day with you...' mumbled Hinata, and Kageyama cupped his cheek.

'Slowly this time.' he instructed. 'Try not to get so worked up about everything around you.'

Hinata made a pouty face which did nothing but empathise his cuteness, Kageyama moving in and letting their lips lock. Hinata slid his tongue around the inside of Kageyama's mouth slowly, letting it glide along his top row of teeth, the kisses continuing and deepening for several minutes, before Kageyama pulled back.

'Stop... I've kissed you a lot today.'

'Not enough,' Hinata murmured, and Kageyama shook his head.

'Then we'll stop because my mother is downstairs,' he replied, sternly. Hinata said: 'oh' quietly and the movie ended, Hinata moody as he crawled into his futon-Kageyama couldn't help but be

disappointed himself as he got into bed.

Then Kageyama's mother poked her head around the door to say that she was going out to get some food for breakfast, and the moment the door closed again, Kageyama heard Hinata whisper:

'It's fate, Kayegama.'

'That or my mother ran out of milk because you're here,' Kageyama replied, thinking that fate had better things to do than change its entire course so that two teenage boys could have sex. Hinata hummed, sitting up in his futon as if to say: 'so you don't want to do it?,' and Kageyama internally cursed himself.

Since their first time in the shower rooms, he and Hinata hadn't done anything other than kissing: it wasn't that they didn't want to do it-it was just finding the appropriate place and the time. Both of them were still new to sex, and it was something incredibly intimate and private, both of which they needed time to relax into-Kageyama knew it wasn't as simple as spreading Hinata's legs, slipping his dick inside of him and saying: 'off we go-' he loved Hinata.

Hinata-and their relationship-deserved to be taken seriously.

'Kageyaammmmaa...' Hinata moaned.

'What do you want?'

'Y-you know what I want...' Hinata said, looking away to the side. Kageyama crawled onto the futon and softly kissed him; Hinata was hot when they broke apart.

'Pyjamas-off. Now.' Kageyama ordered, undoing his own buttons from his sleepshirt and pulling it over his head. Whilst he knew that his mother had gone out, she wouldn't be gone forever and he didn't want to get his pyjamas covered in sweat. He circled his arms around Hinata, laying Hinata down and kissing him, Hinata's hands running along his back.

'Hinata, your nipples are hard... can I lick them?'

'N-no... ah...'

Kageyama's breathing got tighter as he sucked and bit on the soft nubs, nipping at them in a way which made Hinata turn his head on the pillow. Kageyama's fingers came down and brushed over Hinata's hips, gently feeling the creamy skin, rubbing the lithe muscle and bones. The tips of Hinata's nipples were hard and Kageyama brushed over them with his tongue, Hinata gasping beneath him.

'B-bastard...'

'...You don't like it?' somehow, Kageyama didn't believe that. Hinata flushed.

'N-no, it's you, you're so controlling, Kageyama! No wonder you get called king of the court, you never let anyone else do anything, you stupid asshole! You just pin me down and do everything yourself like

a- mnnn...'

They were kissing again, Kageyama gently rubbing himself against Hinata, feeling Hinata's arousal hard against his stomach. The kisses went to Hinata's temples to relax him, and Kageyama closed his eyes, listening to the small moans that Hinata made.

'Am I a good boyfriend now?' Kageyama asked. Hinata ground his teeth.

'Yes, Kageyama, the best, I want...'

'Turn around,' Kageyama said, the stern authority in his voice making Hinata shiver. Kageyama gently lapped at Hinata's hole with his tongue, making Hinata claw the sheets and mew. Kageyama put two fingers inside of Hinata gently, Hinata shivering and sighing beneath them as they circled.

'You're doing well-' Kageyama started to say, but Hinata shouted:

'SHUT UP! Kageyama, you can't say those kind of things, because I c-can't...'

'I'm not trying to tease you.'

'I-I love you,' Hinata hiccupped, burying his nose in the pillow and wailing; Kageyama had no idea what had made him cry. He rubbed Hinata's back with the hand that wasn't fingering him in reassurance, Hinata hugging the pillow as he pushed back against Kageyama's fingers. Hinata's breathing was getting loud and Kageyama scissored his fingers to make sure he'd done enough preparation, then double checking with Hinata.

'Just do it,' Hinata moaned. 'Now-'

Kageyama's muscles twitched and with a low growl he pressed inside of Hinata, his arousal aching. Hinata gave little pants and moans that Kageyama couldn't get enough of, Hinata's own cock dripping against the bedding; Kageyama kissed the red on Hinata's cheeks and ears as he rolled his hips, gasping, trying to hold himself back and moving in slow, syrupy movements. His tongue came out to lick his own lips, their texture feeling rough as he slapped into Hinata, flares shooting through Kageyama's groin as their hips thrust together. Kageyama's mind scrambled with something to say but he couldn't breathe, couldn't think through the need...

The rhythm of movement broke as Kageyama felt his cock get hot at the base, sinking deeper into Hinata's tightness-everything started to whirl. The movements were getting harder, hotter, wilder, Hinata not even trying to hold back his wails as he squeezed his eyes shut and his body clenched, his passage getting tighter around Kageyama with his own orgasm. Kageyama inhaled as everything got faster and his back arched, feeling messy but not caring as he rocked into Hinata, pulling out and cuming against the back of Hinata's legs, his orgasm quick and wet.

Hinata gave a breathless grin, nuzzling his cheek into the pillow after they broke apart, and Kageyama sat himself up, ready to say something when he heard the sound of the front door being unlocked.

He scrambled into his bed and with some effort, Hinata pulled the covers up over his head, chest still heaving, breathing out in bursts as he tried to feign being asleep... it wasn't very convincing.

For a few minutes there was sound coming from the kitchen, then the hall light clicked off and they heard a door close as Kageyama's mother went into her own room, then it was quiet. Hinata got out of the blankets and into Kageyama's bed... when Kageyama didn't respond, Hinata kicked him.

'Did you just kick me?' Kageyama growled.

'It was hypnic jerk.'

'You're a hypnic jerk! I hate you.'

'Hate you more.'

Quiet.

'...you don't really hate me, do you, Kageyama?'

'Not really... and you?'

'Not really.'

It was as close to: 'goodnight,' as the two of them would get; Kageyama felt Hinata press against his back, Hinata's toes brushing his ankles as he stretched them in the bedsheets.

'Kag... unmmm.'

Hinata mumbled incoherent words as he drifted away, clutching onto Kageyama's back in the silence. Kageyama waited until he was one hundred per cent sure that Hinata was asleep and wouldn't open his eyes to make fun of him before turning around.

Hinata was breathing lightly, his chest going up and down and Kageyama closed his eyes into Hinata's hair, picking up the scent of his shampoo and feeling the warmth that the other, smaller boy radiated, comfortable and sleepy in Hinata's embrace and about to fall asleep when a low whisper came from in front of him:

'Kageyammmmaa... you 'wake?'

Kageyama heaved a sigh.

'I am now,' he growled.

* * *

><p>On Monday evening, Kageyama and Hinata were back in the Karasuno volleyball gym, standing around their team members.<p>

'So, uh...' Azumane broke away. 'Kageyama, Hinata... coach Ukai told us that he saw the two of you together in town on Saturday.'

'So?' Kageyama recognised the stiffness in his own voice. 'There's nothing suspicious about two teammates going out after

practice-'

'To a cute little milkshake bar?' Nishinoya asked, with a raised an eyebrow. Kageyama glanced down at Hinata who looked back at him as if to say that it couldn't be helped and both of their gazes fell to the floor, shuffling their feet awkwardly... the two of them looked as uncomfortable as they felt.

'If the two of you are dating, I don't see the problem with it,' Yamaguchi said.

'Mn,' nodded Ennoshita. 'I mean, we're not your_ mothers_... you shouldn't feel like you have to hide it or keep it a secret, if that's what's going on. We're just upset that you didn't tell us... we're your friends. We wouldn't think any different of you.'

'Is that right?' Kageyama growled, gaze panning over to Tanaka. Tanaka spread his hands as if to say: '_what did I do?!_' mouth opening into an O.

'Yeah,' Tanaka laughed, to Kageyama's look of disbelief. 'So I'm gonna tease you about it, but come on-give me _some_ leverage! What are friends for if we're not allowed to pick at your personal life and not get punched-'

'Just ignore Tanaka,' Azumane gave a warm smile. 'None of us pay any attention to him, either. What we're trying to say is that you don't have to be uncomfortable; if it affects your practice then that's another thing, but as long as you can keep it outside of the court, then there isn't a problem.'

'I'm not homosexual,' Kageyama assured them, then paused to reiterate. '...it only works where Hinata is concerned and not anyone else-especially none of you.'

He thought he should make that clear. Hinata looked nervous beside Kageyama.

'...it's all your fault for making us kiss...' he murmured, and Kageyama knew that even though Hinata was right, they probably would have ended up dating in the end somehow, anyway; when he'd first met Hinata, if Kageyama could have chosen one person in the world to fall in love with, then Hinata's name would have been last on the list, but his feelings for Hinata had sprung up against his own will: even if the two of them fought, they loved each other's company.

Kageyama loved Hinata with everything he had... it had gotten hard to stop thinking about the other boy.

'Dating or not, you're our friends as well as teammates,' Tanaka snorted. 'Just don't start making out in the middle of a match is all I'm asking-'

'As captain of the team, I give you permission to hit Tanaka,' Sawamura mumbled, but the scary aura coming from Kageyama said he'd do more than that.

****Summary:**** After a volleyball match almost kills Hinata (twice) he learns that Kageyama is scary when he's protective. Correction: scari_er._

****Luuka:**** this fic is permanently ongoing, some people were unsure but it isn't complete.

****Please read! ****Kakugawa are a volleyball team in the Haikyuu! manga- you DON'T have to know about them in order for this chapter to make sense. There isn't a lot of information about them in the manga at this point, as a result, I had to invent what I imagined their personalities to be like based on their appearances, meaning that if Kakugawa are mentioned in S2 of Haikyuu or the Haikyuu manga in more detail, this fic won't portray the characters accurately to their canon selves.

* * *

><p>It had been the worst volleyball match ever.

And that was saying something.

Because even though Karasuno had won, the game itself had gone awfully.

* * *

><p>Winter was nearing an end and Karasuno had scheduled a volleyball match against Kakugawa high. The two teams were overdue to play each other and as a friendly gesture, Karasuno had travelled to their high school in the mountains, where they were permitted to stay for the night to get to know the other team and play a practice match before the final, deciding game the next day.<p>

Kakugawa high was situated on a mountain and Hinata had been over-excited throughout the entire coach journey, peering at everything outside of the window and elbowing Kageyama, with: 'Kageyama! I saw the first flower on the mountain!' or: 'Kageyama, their shrine gates are a different colour to ours!' which Kageyama had tolerated until it had gotten old ('Kageyama! First mountain traffic jam, YEAHHH!') and he'd crammed his earbuds in, suppressing a scowl.

When they'd reached Kakugawa, however, disillusionment had settled in and Hinata had become very quiet- it was freezing. Kakugawa's sports department consisted mostly of wooden halls that were scattered throughout craggy rocks, a deep lake twisting around the buildings. A chill breeze ran through the air; Hinata shuddered.

'I-I thought... ' Hinata sounded so broken, so confused- 'K-Kageyama... I thought it would be a snowy mountain with forests and bonsai's and hot springs-'

'We're not on vacation,' Tsukishima drawled. 'I assume you _are_ aware that we came to this place to play a match?'

Coach Ukai climbed out of the vehicle and a roll call was performed.

'Kakugawa's volleyball team have been kind enough to come out and

greet us,' Ukai informed them, folding his arms. 'I'd like you to show them the same respect. They're letting us stay here, so you'll thank them for their hospitality.'

'Meeting Kakugawa's team should be interest,' Kageyama muttered.

'What do you mean?' Hinata asked.

'I heard rumours about them when I played in Kitagawa. Nothing positive.'

'O-oh...'

'Hey!' Ukai yelled. 'Quit whispering. What did I say about respect?'

Kakugawa's volleyball team stamped out from the back of a barren courtyard, into view. After Karasuno bowed and thanked the other team, Ukai ordered them to mingle then disappeared with Kakugawa's coach into a hall.

No members from either team made any attempts to speak with the other. Hinata stared intently at a tall, slim teenager from Kakugawa, eventually, nudging Kageyama and pointing.

'Who's he?'

'Nurukawa,' Kageyama responded. 'Number 1-he plays the same position as you. I've heard he's nicknamed: the 'axe,' during matches.'

'He's our campus serial killer!' Hinata whispered back.

'It's because his blocks are blunt and he has sharp reactions,' Kageyama replied, frowning down at Hinata.

'He's nothing,' Nishinoya snorted. 'You see that number nine on the end? That's Yuudai... he's one of the first years.'

'That's a first year?!' Hinata choked, and Nishinoya had to stamp on Hinata's foot to stop him from staring open-mouthed. The number nine player-or Yuudai- was tall and broad shouldered with a squashed nose and small, dark eyes that resembled squares of onyx, beady as they flicked around. His body was gigantic.

'Kageyama... I could climb him if I wanted!'

'You'd better not,' Ennoshita advised, coming up to stand beside Hinata. 'Kageyama... you said you'd heard rumours, so I suppose you know how the Kakugawa team have become infamous?'

'They don't like to lose,' Kageyama replied-gritting his teeth, because he'd once shared the same mentality they had. Hinata scrunched up his fists.

'If they don't like to lose, they should play better!' He said, loudly.

'Some of them are coming this way,' Kageyama said. 'Hinata, they must have heard you.'

Hinata seemed to liquefy on the spot, hiding behind Kageyama and gripping the taller boy's black jersey for protection. Yuudai had stomped over to them with the number 1, 9 and 4 players at his heel... his small eyes settled on Hinata.

'The small... orange... shrimp, huh?' he grunted.

'_It talks_!' Tanaka whispered to Tsukishima, and Tsukishima leaned in to Tanaka's face and whispered: '_do you want to lead a happy life?!_' because the 9, 1 and 4 players had all begun to glower at Tanaka. Yuudai, however, kept his eyes on Hinata.

'I... I'm not a shrimp...' Hinata murmured, and Kageyama could see that he was getting riled. 'You shouldn't judge people on first impressions...'

'You're small. It's hard to miss,' the number 4 player remarked. 'How is someone like _you_ competing in the Miyagi Prefecture... is this a joke?'

'So, I'm not tall,' Hinata said, determinedly, coming out from behind Kageyama. 'But I can jump!'

The number 1, 9 and 4 players looked at each other fearfully... then burst into laughter.

'Crickets can jump.' The number 4 snorted. 'But that doesn't stop us from crushing them, does it?'

'W-well, g-go ahead and try!' Hinata stammered, straightening his back and glaring at them all, and in that moment, something inside of Kageyama seemed to glow in admiration.

'I'd take a cricket on my team over three elephants any day,' he agreed, with a scowl. Yuudai's gaze flicked over him.

'King of... the court...' he said, slowly. 'Looking forward to playing against you.'

Then Yuudai turned and left, with the 1, 9 and 4 players following in his wake. Kageyama's palms flared at the use of his old nickname and the fact that even the _Kakugawa_ volleyball team knew about it. Had he really been that selfish during matches in junior school?

'Yeah, you'd better run!' Tanaka yelled, when the Kakugawa team were too far away to possibly hear him. 'What a bunch of dicks.'

Kageyama was used to it: every team that they played seemed to have their own variety of height-themed insults for Hinata, and an assortment of king-themed remarks for himself... it was strange how he and Hinata didn't fail to get frustrated every time- they should be used to it by now.

'Ahh... on the bright side...' Yamaguchi trailed away. 'At least the other team have acknowledged us enough to insult us?'

'Always nice to know,' Kageyama replied sourly, hitching up his gym bag as they followed the Kakugawa team members into a dilapidated hall. It turned out to be the cafeteria, where they were given

dinner-Hinata spent the first half of the meal announcing that he didn't care if people called him short, then proceeded to spend the second half saying that even if he was short, it wasn't a _drawback-_Nishinoya was shorter than him anyway, but noone seemed to care. Everybody liked _Nishinoya._

'I'm pressing things that shouldn't be forced-I should be content as I am! So what if I'm short? I have other abilities! The small giant was never deterred by any of that!'

'The small giant is another person,' Kageyama replied. 'Hinata... you are an individual. So, you should stop depending so much on the shadow of others and focus on your own strength!'

'Y... yes! I will!' Hinata blurted out, unsure if Kageyama was critiquing him or praising him, but the words seemed to motivate him enough to restore a little of his confidence.

Yamaguchi sighed.

'You know... it's a real pain that Kakugawa aren't good sports about this...' he stirred his ramen. 'Perhaps we just got off on the wrong foot...?'

'It's not our fault if they _hate us_!' Hinata protested, obviously still upset about the fact he'd been called a 'joke.' When they'd sat down at their cafeteria table, Tanaka had asked what everyone thought of the other team, and Hinata had been the first person to blurt out his opinion, which was that (Kageyama quoted) Kakugawa's volleyball team were the kind of people who ate 'the cores of their apples as well as their apples.' Tsukishima had said he'd give Hinata his desert if Hinata told them that to their faces. Hinata had declined.

'Sawamura, you should introduce yourself to them,' Yamaguchi said, dreamily. 'After all, you _are_ the teams captain...'

'Ah... ' Sawamura slurped up his noodles. 'I'm the captain when we play volleyball. Not at dinner.'

'I'll do it,' Azumane imputed.

'S-Seriously?' Nishinoya demanded.

'Sure.' Azumane shrugged. 'There's no harm in saying hello. We're staying in their school and coach Ukai was right-it's kindness to show gratitude.'

'T-that isn't gratitude... it's suicide!' Hinata wailed, but Azumane climbed up from the bench and crossed the cafeteria all the same, standing before Yuudai's table. Kakugawa's team all stared at the confrontation as Azumane said something placating to Yuudai. Then Azumane offered Yuudai his hand.

'He's a madman...' Tanaka breathed. 'Who wants to bet they'll eat him alive?'

'E-eh... you think they will?' Ennoshita whispered.

'Sure they will! Azumane's just walked into a _lion's _den!'

Nishinoya laughed, and if Kageyama didn't know better then he was enjoying this. 'They're gonna kill him-actually kill him. Disembowel him with the dinner cutlery _edo warrior_ style-'

From across the hall, Kageyama saw Yuudai nod at Azumane then reach out to take Azumane's hand. Yuudai seemed to hold it in a firm grip as he shook it, then he said something which made Azumane smile. Afterwards, Azumane came back to Karasuno's table.

'Yuudai shook his hand,' Sawamura summarised.

'Kakugawa's team didn't even attack him a _little_...?' Tanaka echoed.

'Are you all disappointed that Azumane wasn't violently killed?' Tsukishima asked, in a bored voice. Azumane back sat down at their table.

'How was it?!' Hinata demanded. Azumane just shrugged.

'They all seem like nice guys, if you ask me,' he replied, casually lifting the rest of his soba into his mouth. Kageyama turned to Hinata.

'It must be just you they don't like,' Kageyama told him. Hinata huffed.

'No, the other team are all dicks,' he insisted, cramming his own food into his cheeks.

* * *

><p>After eating, both teams went to the gym and took their positions for the practice match.<p>

It had started to get late so the teams had agreed to play a single set instead of a game. (Which usually consisted of between 3-5 sets and could last for hours.) Kageyama warmed up silently, hearing two of Kakugawa's players whispering on the other side of the net.

'Karasuno's number nine is scary...' one of them murmured. 'No other part of his body is moving... just the eyes-'

'Not in volleyball,' the other replied. 'That's the king of the court...'

The name made Kageyama's blood burn, but he continued stretching silently.

'Are we going to show them our king's toss?' Kageyama asked, once the Karasuno team had all gathered in a circle. 'Or will we save it until the tournament game tomorrow?'

'That move has made the match for us on several occasions,' Sawamura considered. 'And... our reputation for using that move has already preceded us, so I don't see why we can't give them a taste. The game tomorrow will be played honestly that way.'

'Honesty' wasn't a concept that existed to the other team-Kakugawa,

Kageyama discovered, relied on brute force. Karasuno's players (mostly Hinata) being covered in scuffs and grazes from diving to smack the ball wasn't exactly unusual, but during this game, Kageyama knew that Kakugawa's team all directed the ball with the specific intent to hit the opposing players, at speeds too fast for them to block. This was where Hinata and Nishinoya's size and agility became useful for saves, although the times where they missed were potentially drastic: Tanaka had been dragged yelling and scratching from the court by Ukai because his nose had started bleeding-although thankfully it wasn't broken-Yamaguchi's left eye was watering and didn't want to open, and Tsukishima had outwardly refused to play in case his prescription glasses were broken... even at speed, Kageyama didn't know how a soft ball could cause so much damage. Even Hinata had a bruise above his eye that had turned a moulting purple-brown colour, but he'd refused to sit out; the wound only made him more determined to win.

When Hinata rotated to receive his toss, Kageyama threw it-almost without thinking-seeing Hinata run toward it like a lion then jump in the corner of his eye, hearing the '_thwack_!' as Hinata's hand slammed the ball and it bounced down on the other side of the net. The move scored Karasuno the remainder of points they'd needed to win and the match ended.

They all bowed and parted from the court to go to the sleeping hall, whilst the Kakugawa team went back to their dorms. As they parted ways, Kageyama could hear the Kakugawa members muttering among themselves:

'That orange spiker is dangerous...'

'We need to do something about him...'

And he laid a hand on Hinata's shoulder, telling him that he'd played well tonight. Hinata beamed, skipping along to the sleeping hall where futons had been rolled out beside their bags.

'My futon is the other side of the hall from Hinata's,' Kageyama informed the others, a ball of injustice furling in his stomach.

'Ah... that's because...' Yamaguchi appeared thoughtful. 'It's so you won't distract each other at night?'

'No gay sex before important matches,' Tanaka translated, slapping Nishinoya a high five. Kageyama glowered at the pair until they looked sorry then skulked off, crawling into his futon.

The lights clicked out and Kageyama didn't know how long he spent laying in his futon, staring at the figure of Tanaka in the darkness who was asleep next to him with his mouth open and a bundle of bloody tissues taped to his nose. Kageyama shifted to locate Hinata's futon in the darkness.

It looked alarmingly flat. ...Had he left at some point?

Kageyama waited-supposing Hinata had just gone to the toilets-then when he didn't come back after five minutes, he stood, aggravated with himself for losing sleep. There was no one in the male toilets and cafeteria had been locked, so Kageyama crossed the grounds and

walked to the gymnasium.

The gym hall was pitch black but Kageyama found Hinata inside, sitting in a solitary pool of moonlight streaming in from the high windows. He was laying against the wall with a volleyball between his legs, watching as it rolled a certain length away, then back.

'What are you doing?' Kageyama asked, resisting the urge to add: _other than wallowing in your own despair. _Hinata didn't reply immediately.

'I don't trust the Kakugawa team.' He mumbled.

Kageyama took several steps closer.

'Are you upset because they called you short?' he asked, because even though it had happened over five hours ago and countless times before, he wouldn't put it past Hinata to still feel wounded over this. Hinata shook his head.

'T-they're gonna do something to me... Kageyama-you heard them talking after practice! T-they're planning to do something...'

'They're planning a strategy to render our king's toss ineffective during the volleyball match tomorrow,' Kageyama agreed.

'They're _not_!' Hinata looked outraged. 'Kageyama, how the_ hell_ did you get that from what they said?! And you _saw_ the practice match today-what part of their game was strategic?! Kakugawa do everything by force...'

Hinata looked down and his lower lip begun to tremble.

'You can't hide in the gym all night,' Kageyama told him.

'I-I'm not hiding...' Hinata muttered. 'I just wanted some privacy...'

Just as Kageyama registered the words, he realised that there was a hand on his thigh. He swallowed, lifting Hinata's hand in his own and smoothing his fingers along the pale skin, feeling his own body prickle in response, his blood heating in his veins. Then-in a decided movement-he let go of the hand and kissed Hinata on the mouth, pressing him back against the wall and delving his tongue into Hinata's mouth, between the seam of his lips and into the warmth that awaited beyond it. Hinata squirmed and made a soft, satisfied sound when Kageyama put a hand down on his narrow shoulders, feeling Hinata's chest rise and fall against his own in quick bursts.

'Do you feel better now?' Kageyama asked, pulling back.

'I'm... not sure.' Hinata blinked. 'Kiss me again and I'll let you know-'

'It's late,' Kageyama frowned. 'Hinata, you need to rest for tomorrow. Go back to bed.'

'I can't!' Hinata sounded distraught. 'Kageyama, nerves make me feel sick and if I lie down, I-I feel like I'll throw up! I just...' he

dropped his head. 'Let me stay here for five for minutes. Then I'll go back to bed, but now... I can't...'

Kageyama scowled to show that he didn't like leaving Hinata alone, but he was too tired to disagree, and the dark shadows underneath his eyes seemed to have a physical weight. Grumbling, he went back to the sleeping hall to wait alone.

* * *

><p>Fifteen minutes passed and Hinata still didn't come back.<p>

Tanaka was sleeping in the futon next to Kageyama, where he seemed to be dream-harassing Karasuno's female volleyball team manager, murmuring: 'Yeah, Shimizu-sensei, I'd love to join a hot spring party wi'yuu 'nn your friendsss...' to himself, whilst grinning creepily in his sleep... Kageyama shook him awake.

'Get up.'

'Whu'dyou waaant?'

'Hinata's missing,' Kageyama hissed.

'Have you checked the closet?' Tanaka smirked. Kageyama's palms twitched but he drew in a breath through his nose, resisting the urge to asphyxiate Tanaka with a pillow only because now was not the time to get riled about homosexual comments-however much Tanaka had it coming. He jerked the bedding of the futon and Tanaka fell out, rubbing his head.

'Why'd you do that?!'

'The Kakugawa team have something against Hinata,' Kageyama explained. 'After the practice match, they were whispering that they needed to do something about him. Hinata was worried but... I didn't take him seriously. Now he hasn't come back.'

'You think the Kakugawa team will try and stop him from playing tomorrow? Shit... those bastards,' Tanaka growled, pulling on his jacket. 'Kageyama, you go ahead and I'll wake some of the others. We'll find him, okay?'

Kageyama nodded, keeping his face hard to hide any worry because he didn't feel worry. He didn't feel anything-he was made of iron. Or at least, he considered himself to be but now he wasn't so sure.

Their curfew was nine pm and it was almost midnight now, crickets chirping amid the craggy rocks. The night was freezing and Kageyama's breath steamed in the air-what little grass there was had a frost coating, and the surface of the rivers were glassy and unbroken. After searching, Kageyama noticed that some of the frozen grass had been trampled around the entrance to the campus and followed the river down the mountain, finding himself in front of where the threads of water pooled into a lake; he used the light of his cell to look around, seeing a small figure curled on the bank.

Then Kageyama was running.

Several other Karasuno members spotted Hinata too and were making their way towards him, but Kageyama was the one who got to him first. He dropped down beside Hinata to see that the smaller boy was soaking wet... every inch of him dripped with cold water. Hinata shuddered.

'N-no way...' Sawamura whispered. 'Did the Kakugawa team have him thrown into the lake?'

'It's okay,' Nishinoya said loudly, elbowing his way through the crowd. 'I know CPR! Kageyama, bring him here-'

'I'M CONCIIOUS,' Hinata screamed.

'If you're ever doing CPR and something happens to me,' Kageyama told Nishinoya. 'Just let me die.'

'Will do,' Nishinoya saluted. As Hinata coughed water, Kageyama pulled him into a half hug, letting Hinata use his shoulder for support as he seemed too exhausted to sit on his own. Hypoxia meant that Hinata had taken a lot of water into his lungs, but the lake was shallow enough for even someone who couldn't swim to be able to make their way out once thrown in... which meant that Kakugawa hadn't intended to hurt Hinata by doing this to him: just to scare him, and possibly to give him a cold. Sawamura came closer and draped his jacket around Hinata's shoulders, putting a hand on Hinata's back supportively.

Eventually, Ukai pushed through them in a robe and slippers.

'What's going on?'

His torchlight made Kageyama squint.

'It was those Kakugawa assholes!' Tanaka growled. 'Those bastards threw Hinata in the lake-'

'Tanaka, you'll watch your tongue.' Ukai frowned. 'You've forgotten... we're in their school. One of you will help me take Hinata to the infirmary, then I want the rest of you back in the sleeping hall.'

Kageyama was cold from just standing outside and he hadn't been drenched in freezing, black water, so he couldn't imagine how Hinata must have felt, but he could see the effect the ice water had on his body. His teeth were chattering and his skin was blue-even his orange hair seemed to have paled and the flicks had drooped significantly, which made Kageyama grind his teeth and feel something awaken inside of him. Anger coursed through his body.

Once at the infirmary, Ukai told Kageyama to go back to the sleeping hall but Kageyama stood his ground and refused, saying he'd stay with Hinata; from the studious look in Ukai's eyes, Kageyama thought that maybe Ukai knew the real reason why. But maybe he didn't.

'You shouldn't have been skinny dipping this late, dear,' a nurse told Hinata as she gently warmed him. His wet clothes had been peeled away and he'd been given dry ones-buried within a nest of blankets, unable to stop shivering. He was sick, Kageyama realised... at this

rate, Hinata wouldn't be able to play the volleyball game tomorrow.

White hot anger burned in Kageyama's stomach; it was the touch of small fingers on his wrist that took the feeling away.

'Hinata, your hand feels like ice.' Kageyama said, tucking Hinata's hands back into the blankets.

'I'm cold and wet and think I need a hug,' Hinata mumbled, with a sniff. Kageyama fished a piece of pondweed from Hinata's hair.

'Go to sleep,' he commanded, perhaps with more force than necessary but Hinata needed rest more than emotional comfort. Hinata mumbled dreamily then drifted into sleep with Kageyama beside him. After an hour, Kageyama felt Hinata's forehead to discover that the smaller boy once again radiated heat...

Satisfied, Kageyama lost the ability to keep his eyes open and either passed out or slept, too.

* * *

><p>They were prodded awake at eight am the next day by a nurse. The rest of the team had come to see them and brought he and Hinata some breakfast-Karasuno's volleyball team all crowded around Hinata's infirmary bed in concern.<p>

'Hinata, how on earth did you end up _hospitalised_?' Drawled Tsukishima-who'd slept through the whole night-as he twirled the cord of his headphones.

'Hinata isn't playing the match today,' Kageyama replied. 'The Kawakawa team threw him into their lake.'

'HAHAHAHAHahaha,' Tsukishima laughed, then his expression darkened. 'Oh... you were serious.'

'The match has been postponed to this evening,' Kageyama continued. 'We need to plan a new strategy now that Hinata is indisposed.'

'Is he ill?' Tsukishima asked, looking a mixture of contemptuous yet dignifiedly concerned. Kageyama nodded curtly.

'It's a cold.'

'I can talk for myself, Kageyama!' Hinata shouted, his high voice raspy from a night of sleep-coughing. 'And I'm definitely playing today... I want to be a part of it when we beat them!'

'You're sick,' Kageyama growled, unsure if Hinata understood the extent. Kageyama had sworn to himself that Karasuno would win that match against Kakugawa regardless of what it took after this-even if it would be a handicap not to have Hinata play the game with them, it wasn't worth risking Hinata's health to include him.

'I can't believe they really threw Hinata in their lake...' Azumane said, sounding surprised.

'It's such a low move,' Nishinoya growled. 'Those Kakugawa bastards

won't know what hit them when they play us... it's personal now!'

'Did you all hear that?!' Tanaka yelled. 'We're winning today if it means out LIFE!'

Other teammates joined in the shouts to avenge Hinata by winning the match which would take place later that afternoon, each one of them wishing Hinata a fast recovery. Kageyama told them all to go ahead, lingering behind to stay with Hinata.

'I'm playing,' Hinata announced. 'Kageyama, I'm a part of the team, too! If I don't play, I'd let everyone down!'

'If we let you play then the team has let you down,' Kageyama corrected. 'The purpose of a team is to take care of the players. Hinata... isn't that what you taught me?!'

'I don't need taking care of,' Hinata mumbled, pulling a thermometer out of his mouth and scowling. 'Kageyama, I only almost drowned... I don't understand why everybody is overreacting! At least let me watch from the bench-I'm basically fine.'

Basically fine, Kageyama thought, mentally rolling his eyes. At first he was annoyed that Hinata wouldn't give in, then realised how much the match meant to the smaller boy and nodded.

'Fine,' he growled. 'We'll see how you perform in practice. But at the first signs of you getting worse or being sick then you're coming back here. No arguments.'

Hinata pouted and Kageyama kissed the side of his face.

Stupid, he thought, for not being able to refuse Hinata. He hoped he wouldn't regret this.

* * *

><p>The water had been squeezed from Hinata's volleyball jersey and he'd turned his shoes upside down but still had to wear his spare volleyball kit, as the old one was damp from last night. Kageyama and Hinata practiced alone with a volleyball on the grass outside the gymnasium. Hinata looked cold and his cheeks were red, but not once did he complain or express unhappiness.<p>

At one point, the volleyball rolled onto the path where one of the Kakugawa players looked at it. He didn't toss it back.

'Helping others costs nothing, asshole!' Hinata yelled before he could stop himself, and the player turned around, fixing Hinata with a dark glare which made him recoil, shrinking behind Kageyama's back then pointing a finger at Kageyama, squeaking: 'he said it!'

Kageyama gave the Kakugawa teenager a hard stare, which he returned with a scornful look-the Kakugawa player was the one who turned away first when he realised Kageyama obviously wasn't intimidated. The ground practically shook as he stomped off.

'Was he one of the players who threw you in the lake?' Kageyama

demanded.

'I-I don't remember...' Hinata admitted. 'It was dark, so I couldn't see. A huge one grabbed me and slung me over his shoulder...'

'Was it Yuudai?' Kageyama asked, remembering the large player whom Hinata had said he could 'climb-' Yuudai was a silent, foreboding mountain of a first year who seemed to be the captain of Kakugawa's volleyball team. Hinata shook his head.

'It wasn't him. Yuudai is huge and blocky, but these were all tall. And slim. Oh, and they had bad breath... like, T-Rex bad!'

And you wonder why they hate you, Kageyama thought, but he knew that Hinata hadn't intended to offend them at first-the only reason Hinata was so outward now was because they'd thrown him in an icy lake in the middle of the night and given him a cold... so, the insults were understandable.

They met up with the rest of the team in the Kakugawa lunch hall, who told Kageyama that coach Ukai had spent the morning in an argument with Kakugawa's volleyball coach. According to them, when Ukai had explained what had happened to Hinata and demanded to know the reasons behind the Kakugawa team's behaviour, Kakugawa's coach had replied that they couldn't prove the _Kakugawa_ players were the ones who threw Hinata in that lake-for all he knew, Hinata could have been out there swimming _willingly_. Ukai had obviously found the accusation as unbelievable as Kageyama did, because he'd taken the issue up with the schools principal during lunch.

'You going to eat your egg rolls?' Hinata asked, when food was served.

'You can have them,' Kageyama replied, noticing how slender and shivery Hinata was and deciding that the younger boy needed the warm food more. 'Just don't be sick at volleyball. If you have to play.'

'Mhnsneyeuyou,' Hinata replied as he ate, which could mean either: 'screw you' or 'thank-you...' with Hinata, it was impossible to tell.

'How are you feeling?' Kageyama asked, as they pulled on their gym socks before the volleyball match several hours later-Kageyama was still trying to persuade Hinata not to play the game to no avail.

'I can't word it, Kageyama.'

'Then give me a percentage of how you feel with one hundred being: 'great' and zero being: 'dead.'

'Thirty six point eight percent!'

'That's... oddly specific,' Kageyama muttered, giving Hinata a sideways frown as they joined the rest of Karasuno's team in the hall. Tanaka had taken responsibility over giving the motivational speech and Kageyama heard parts of it as he came closer:

'...volleyball game will be the result of our sweat, blood and

passion! Many men may die in this hall-'

'Noone is going to die,' Kageyama said in a low growl, as Hinata's eyes had become wide and fearful-Hinata had a habit of becoming way too sucked into his teammate's motivational speeches, and had an expression on his face which suggested that for a moment Tanaka had really convinced him that they were a band of hardened warriors riding out to battle... as opposed to a group of Japanese high schoolers competing in the national volleyball league.

'Let's play our best,' Sawamura finished confidently, and Kageyama and Hinata both nodded in determination. They all layered all of their hands on top of each others then with an encouraging group cheer ran off, gym shoes skidding as they formed their positions.

Let's do this, Hinata mouthed to Kageyama, who gave him a nod in return. Kageyama could see Sawamura discussing their rotation advantages with Ennoshita, then looked across the net to see the Kakugawa players glaring back at him with hard expressions, wiping sweat from their brows. There was competition in the air-it was thick, palpable, and both sides wanted success, so much that Kageyama could taste his victory (uh, his _team's_ victory, force of habit) on his tongue.

The match itself was just as rough as the practice one, but several nosebleeds and three king's tosses later, Karasuno won the game by at least ten points in each set. Tanaka roared when it was done, throwing himself into the middle of the court, ripping off his shirt and swinging it over his head before tossing it onto the sidelines-only then did he proceed to run up to each of Karasuno's players, grab them in headlocks and mess up their hair before hugging them. Hinata fisted the air and turned to give Kageyama a grin which said: '_the next time we have sex, it's going to be so hard_', and Kageyama smiled too, despite his stony exterior.

'You guys didn't want me to play!' Hinata said. 'B-but even though I had a cold and I'm smaller than most of that team, I still helped beat them-'

'COME HERE,' Nishinoya yelled, tackling Hinata to the floor in a hug while other team members started to pile on top of them-the excitement was getting a little out of control so Ukai separated the group and barked at them to go back to the changing rooms, shower and put on their normal clothes. After that, they would thank Kakugawa for their hospitality at the school gates before leaving.

'Shimizu-sensei will be so proud to hear we won...' Nisinoya said-eyes glazed-as they shoved their volleyball kits into their gym bags. 'M-maybe... she'll lean down and kiss our cheeks-'

'Ssh.' Tanaka held up a hand. 'Kageyama... do you hear that?'

'Hear what?' Kageyama asked.

'THE SOUND OF OUR VICTORY,' Tanaka yelled, apparently still in celebration about the match they'd won over half an hour ago. Kageyama looked beside him to find that Hinata had gone, supposing the smaller boy must have finished changing.

Stepping outside, Kageyama heard shouts from around the back of the changing hall.

'Fuck _off_!'

Hinata had been backed against a drinks machine with four of Kakugawa's players surrounding him. By the way his hands were balled into fists Kageyama could tell that he wasn't frightened, although the waver in Hinata's voice meant he knew he had the disadvantage-all of the teenagers were close to double his size, both in width and height. Kageyama knew that if they hurt him then Hinata might be able to throw a few punches, but he'd come out worse in the end. Much worse.

'We told you not to play, shrimp,' one of them jeered.

'It looks like tossing you in the lake didn't teach you a lesson...'

'Still think we can't crush you?'

One of them drew back a fist and Kageyama didn't know what happened then... all he saw was white rage-it was if a demon had possessed him. He was moving, biting his tongue to stop himself from shouting, roaring at the Kakugawa players to _get away from his boyfriend_ while they still had all their limbs intact.

'Back... off...' Kageyama said quietly, grabbing the Kakugawa player's arm before he could hit Hinata. The Kakugawa player laughed.

'Or what, _king_?'

Kageyama's grip twisted and the Kakugawa player cried out then stumbled and fell forward, hitting his head on the vending machine. The other three Kakugawa players glanced up, saw the look in Kageyama's eyes then dashed away. For a moment, Kageyama thought he'd frightened Hinata before Hinata threw himself forward, clutching at Kageyama's shirt and shuddering.

'K-Kageyama...' he looked up. 'You're scary when you're mad...'

'Did they hurt you?' Kageyama demanded, and Hinata's back straightened as if he were addressing an army general.

'N-no! I-I'm fine!'

'That was out of order,' Kageyama managed, coming down from himself now, his heartbeat slowing. 'They followed you and harassed you. In a group. Because you looked like an easy target. That... that was wrong.'

'N-no, I'm fine... and hey, w-what do you mean, an 'easy target?!' Is that how I look to you?! You're such a _jerk_-'

Kageyama pulled Hinata into a tight hug, squeezing him and closing his eyes, thinking about all of the things that could have happened if he wasn't there. Hinata wasn't sure about the:

'I-will-never-let-you-go-again-when-we-get-back-to-Karasuno-I-will-put

-you-in-a-concrete-mould-with-only-your-orange-haired-head-sticking-out-and-keep-you-safe-forever' insistence that Kageyama hugged him with, but he melted into Kageyama's arms all the same.

'K-Kageyama,' Hinata stammered, surprised to find that he'd started crying because he didn't know Kageyama could_ worry_ so much. 'I'm okay.' He gave a reassuring smile. 'Really.'

'Good,' Kageyama replied stiffly, mustering his dignity as he stepped back. '...Good.'

'Kageyama, um... I hate to ruin the mood, but the person you shoved on the ground...' Hinata blushed. '...doesn't he look kind of unconscious to you?'

* * *

><p>'You gave another boy a concussion?!'

Ten minutes later and Kageyama and Hinata were inside of the principle of Kakugawa high school's office with each other, Kakugawa's principle and coach Ukai. After the teenager Kageyama had shoved away from Hinata hadn't woken up, he'd been forced to tell someone and an ambulance had taken the Kakugawa player away. At first, Ukai had been furious but as the meeting went on he seemed to collect himself.

'He tried to punch Hinata,' Kageyama explained.

'You _gave him a concussion_, ' Ukai pointed out. 'Kageyama, I don't think you understand how serious this is-he's unconcious.'

'I shoved him away from Hinata,' Kageyama answered. 'I didn't mean for him to fall and knock his head.'

'You don't sound very sorry.' Ukai had an 'I-need-a-cigarette-ASAP' look about him. 'Then again... I suppose I couldn't have exactly expected you to stand back and watch one of your team mates take a beating.'

'They almost drowned me!' Hinata added. 'And I almost died. _Twice_!' Noone seemed to pay attention.

'There were four of them on him...' Kageyama found it hard to keep his voice level. 'They ganged up on Hinata because they lost a match. That's cowardice.'

Even if it hadn't been Hinata, Kageyama couldn't tolerate that kind of weak behaviour. Maybe he was like a king in that respect but he didn't care-it was unjust. His fists clenched at his sides.

'Well,' Ukai raked a hand through his hair. 'If the boy had gotten up after you pushed him then he and his friends probably would have beaten you and Hinata until you were half dead... though we've got no way of proving that, of course. Kageyama... regardless of the circumstances, the fact remains that you pushed another boy and now he's in an ambulance. Your parents will hear about this and a punishment will be decided at Karasuno.'

Hinata argued loudly at that, but it didn't do any good-Kakugawa's

principal kept threatening to involve the police if Kageyama wasn't punished in _some _way, sharply ordering Ukai to immediately remove Karasuno's team from the school as they were no longer welcome.

'I didn't want to stay here, anyway,' Hinata murmured as they dragged their feet back to the coach. 'Kageyama, this place _sucks_-it's cold and wet and filled with assholes. If those guys who tried to beat us up aren't in jail by the time we're done with high school, I'll be honestly surprised.'

The rest of the Karasuno team greeted them, looking miserable.

'We all heard what happened...' Ennoshita said, putting a hand on Kageyama's shoulder whilst Yamaguchi asked Hinata if he was okay. They all picked up their gym bags to leave, when a figure crossed the rocks and came towards them.

It was Yuudai.

'King,' he said, and Kageyama turned. 'I would talk with you... and your small orange.'

My 'small orange?' Kageyama thought. It took him a few moments to realise that Yuudai was talking about Hinata-apparently, Yuudai had never needed to talk very much and as a result he wasn't completely fluent in the Japanese language. Kageyama heard his words.

'I am... captain of Kakugawa's team,' Yuudai said, slowly. 'But... do not permit behaviour such as throwing small orange in lake. Hounding small orange in groups-did not know. Disappointed. Deepest regrets. Sincerely apologise.'

'You didn't tell your team to do that?' Kageyama was taken aback. 'If that's correct, then why did Kakugawa's team come after Hinata?!!'

Yuudai shrugged.

'Not good... at communicating sometimes,' he said, scrunching up his forehead as if the words were causing him pain. 'Team... don't listen to me. Sometimes they are... assholes...'

'They are assholes,' Hinata grinned, holding out his hand. 'But you're okay!'

At Karasuno, a meeting was held which resulted in Kageyama being expelled from high school for a week. Karasuno's principle was sympathetic to his story and Hinata's graphic description of how he'd been tossed in the mountain lake, but he explained to Kageyama regretfully that if he wasn't punished, then the boy's family would be likely to cause a stir. The boy himself was fine, of course; he'd fallen unconscious after Kageyama had pushed him away, yet woken up disoriented but entirely healthy. Ukai had visited the teenager himself to apologise for Karasuno.

'Sorry you got suspended because of me,' Hinata told Kageyama, as they left school that evening.

'It's done,' Kageyama replied. 'Forget it.'

'B-but I should have been suspended instead of you...' Hinata murmured. 'It was my fault...'

'Don't say that,' Kageyama ordered sharply, as although it was technically true, it wasn't as if Hinata had asked to be thrown in a lake and almost punched. 'I wanted to say... I feel bad about lashing out in front of you when I shoved that Kakugawa player. I lost my temper. You shouldn't have seen it.'

'Why are you apologising to me about that?' Hinata demanded. 'Kageyama, are you sorry you saved me?! Is that what you're trying to say?!'

'You know it's not.' Kageyama frowned, following Hinata back to his house.

It had been less than two days they'd spent at Kakugawa, but Kageyama didn't know what he had more of-blister, or psychological scars... the experience had given him more than his share of both. He removed his shoes politely as he entered Hinata's house.

'Are your family here?' he asked.

'They're visiting my grandmother,' Hinata replied, taking off his yellow scarf and black zip up. Kageyama paused.

'Is... this okay?'

'Of course. My family love me having friends over!' Hinata chirped, grinning, and Kageyama thought: but we're not just friends, as he followed Hinata up the stairs into his bedroom. The room had a poster of the small giant on the wall, and its contents were surprisingly orderly.

'So... I've been thinking...' Hinata twisted his hands as he sat on the bed with Kageyama next to him. 'I want to give you a blow job.'

For a moment, Kageyama stared, unsure what to say, other than:

'Why?'

'I just... want to,' Hinata broke away. 'Kageyama, do you want it or not?!'

The idea sounded good, Kageyama admitted and suddenly his mind surfaced images of Hinata's soft lips wrapping around him, sliding up and down as Hinata's big, brown eyes peered at him innocently, his precum sticky on Hinata's lips as Hinata's small, pink tongue circled the head of his arousal. The nerves in his innermost thigh twitched. Still, Kageyama frowned.

'What made you suggest it?'

'I-it's not a recent thought, or anything...' Hinata said, looking embarrassed. 'B-but I... I've been thinking that it can't be that hard to do, a-and then when you saved me I decided that I wanted to do something for you, too...' he stared making gestures with his hands. 'I mean, I've never done it before, but all I have to do is

suck on it until it gets hard enough for you to put it inside of me and I figured you'll do the rest... if you want to...'

Hinata was cute and Kageyama wanted him, yet he didn't know if it was too early for that in their relationship... they'd had sex before and kissed a lot, but letting Hinata take him into his mouth seemed to be different, somehow-it was something they hadn't done before, so it seemed like a higher boundary. Kageyama was considering how to reply when Hinata reached out and touched his hand.

He kissed Hinata on the cheek-softly, without thinking-and in response Hinata plunged his tongue into Kageyama's mouth, sliding it around in delicious strokes. Enthusiastically, Hinata's tongue twirled against his own and he felt one of Hinata's hands rub his dick through the fabric of his pants, around in slow circles.

'Is... is that okay?'

Hinata stared at him eagerly, but shyly, too. Kageyama nodded.

'G-good...' Hinata replied, lowering himself down to the floor and crouching between Kageyama's legs. He undid the zip on Kageyama's pants and helped the taller boy to slide them away; Kageyama's throat was dry as he watched.

'I... Hinata-'

The words died on his tongue and Kageyama shuddered instead of speaking as Hinata licked at his balls, pressing his mouth against them at first to feel the texture before taking one into his mouth and sucking it, to cover it in hot saliva. Kageyama groaned-the sound low and throaty-as Hinata licked around his shaft, his rough tongue sliding along the length in slick movements.

'This is easy-' Hinata beamed. Kageyama just groaned again, feeling a flare in his groin as Hinata took him completely into his mouth.

Hinata's tongue stroked the underside of Kageyama's dick as his palms spread Kageyama's hips, keeping them from twitching. Hinata was obviously anxious but had no problem taking control, coughing when he went down on the arousal completely and the head of Kageyama's cock hit the back of his throat. Kageyama's eyes slid shut and he concentrated on fisting the bedsheets instead of Hinata's hair, but it was difficult when he couldn't think with clarity. All he knew was that Hinata's tongue was flicking at the head of his cock, that his dick was covered in his precum and Hinata's saliva, that Hinata was lapping at his shaft-the feelings were overwhelming.

Suddenly, he grabbed Hinata and pulled the other boy ontop of himself, dragging them both back onto the bed as he met Hinata with more kisses, running both his hands through the smaller boys' orange hair and along the crevices in his back. Hinata sat directly on top of his crotch as they kissed-the friction unbearable when Hinata rutted into him-and Kageyama managed to pull away Hinata's clothes, stroking his cock a few times and hearing Hinata moan in response. Hinata pulled himself away, naked on all fours, waiting.

'Kageyama...' he whispered, arching into the bed. 'Y-you have to fuck me, so that every time I sleep here... I'll remember...'

Kageyama could see Hinata's back rising and falling in front of him, the smaller boy's shoulders lifting then dropping with each of his breaths. Hinata's skin had a pink flush to it, his whole body so slender and soft that Kageyama wanted to kiss every inch of him, Hinata's full lips looking edible, his pink nipples succulent, erect and perky. Kageyama's dick slid against the curve of Hinata's ass and he heard Hinata give a little moan, back arching into their grinds.

Not yet.

A finger went into Kageyama's mouth and he slicked it with saliva, pressing it against the ring of Hinata's muscles. It circled around Hinata's entrance, then slid in with a forceful push; Hinata gasped at the stimulation-even hissed-but didn't ask Kageyama to stop, moaning as he dug his nose into his pillow. Kageyama added a second finger and scissored them.

'Feels... good...' Hinata writhed. 'Kageyama, I r-really like it...'

Both digits were lubed with as much saliva as Kageyama could cover them in but there was still a degree of friction, still an intense burn which caused Hinata to writhe. Anxiously, Kageyama removed the fingers and gripped Hinata's lower stomach, blowing cool breaths over the nape of his neck. He snaked a hand down to feel that the slit of Hinata's erection was leaking.

'Calm down,' he murmured, but instead of the snarky reply he expected, or '_you calm down, asshole!_' what he got instead was:

'I need you.'

When Kageyama entered him, the combination of heat and pressure made Hinata cry out, and for a moment Kageyama feared he'd hurt the smaller boy until one of Hinata's hands slid backwards to grip Kageyama's thigh, begging in whispers for him to keep going, that he needed to feel him more. Kageyama growled in frustration and need as he kept to a slow, sluggish rhythm of pushing his dick in and pulling out, feeling the warm walls of Hinata's muscles clench around him. Hinata's palms ran down his arms, eventually stopping to grip Kageyama's forearms as sweat pooled beneath them into the bedsheets. Hinata's dick felt hot in Kageyama's palm- the arousal curved slightly into his fingers-and when he squeezed Hinata's erection, moans fell from the other boy's lips. Kageyama kept working Hinata with his hand as his own thrusts became rougher, the movements causing him to breathe out in heavy, pleased pants, unable to control it anymore.

Unbelievable pleasure enveloped him and Kageyama was completely absorbed in the sounds that Hinata made, the way that Hinata's chocolate eyes stared into him through heavy lids, then Kageyama felt Hinata shudder as the smaller boy's muscles spasmed and he orgasmed. Then, Kageyama's dick was thrumming into him in stabs containing more power than Kageyama had known he had, applying more weight and pressure now that he was confident that Hinata could take it, now that he knew Hinata needed it.

The world dissolved into orgasmic pleasure. Then they were laying side by side.

'That. Was. Amazing,' Hinata breathed, eyes sparkling in awe when they were done. With a stab of guilt, Kageyama realised he probably should have pulled out before orgasming but Hinata had felt so good that the thought hadn't occurred to him at the time; he made a mental note to do that _next time._

They lay together on Hinata's bed, staring at the ceiling.

'Y-you know...' Hinata mumbled. 'Kageyama... you're not so scary when I get to know you.'

Kageyama glowered, then realised Hinata was complimenting him. He tried to do the same.

'And... I suppose... Hinata, you're not so annoying and frustrating when I get to know you.'

'I'm not?'

'I said you're not _as_ annoying or frustrating,' Kageyama stressed, seriously. 'But you're still pretty annoying and frustrating.'

Hinata puffed his cheeks blowfish-style and huddled into the bedcovers.

'...dickasaurus rex.'

'What was that?' Kageyama growled.

'Nothing!' Hinata replied quickly. 'I said I LOVE YOU! Kageyama, don't start arguments!'

End
file.